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Ambassador Kennedy as a Tory

In the British House of Commons a member asked about the censorship of an American newsreel containing statements by two prominent Englishmen critical of Prime Minister Chamberlain's policy at the time of the crisis with Germany in September. Sir John Simon, replying, said that a representation had been made to United States Ambassador Kennedy, who had communicated it to "a member of the Hays organization," and the excisions in the film had been then made. Sir John stated, "His Majesty's government are grateful to the Ambassador of the United States and I am glad to think that the Ambassador of the United States and ourselves are in complete accord." But other Englishmen, angry because of this infraction of the strong Anglo-Saxon tradition of the freedom of speech and press, are not similarly grateful. Nor was Ambassador Kennedy representing his own country well in acting as the accomplice of the British Tories in using governmental power to squelch criticism. Mr. Kennedy, it is true, afterward stated that he personally took no action causing the newsreel to be changed, but "simply referred their request to the Hays office." But even if Sir John Simon is incorrect in believing that there was anything as strong as "complete accord" between Mr. Kennedy and him, it would rather have been Mr. Kennedy's duty to protest strongly against the censorship. Before this incident we have heard well authenticated reports that Mr. Kennedy is playing the British Tories' game rather than representing his own country and its principles. President Roosevelt ought to make a prompt investigation of the facts, and if they are as they appear, he ought to remove Mr. Kennedy.

The Polish-Russian Understanding

An important shift has taken place in Northeastern Europe. Heretofore, it has been assumed that Poland was completely under German domination; and it has been assumed also that since Munich, Soviet Russia would be isolated from the Western world. Both these assumptions are confounded by the new Polish-Russian understanding which continues the non-aggression pact of 1932 and is to be supplemented by trade arrangements of various sorts. Poland, to be sure, is not very stable; the agreement is largely an act of reprisal against Germany because Hitler refused to permit Ruthenia to be carved up. Presumably the new friendship with Soviet Russia could be dropped overnight if the Germans were to offer a high enough price. Nevertheless, the move is one of great significance. It punctures the myth that Hitler must now be considered irresistible and infallible. The Poles, his next-door neighbors, are quite ready to defy him and make friends

CONTENTS

The Week 111

Editorials

French Business Heils Hitler 113
The New Deal and the Trusts 115
Rescue the Starving in Spain 116

General Articles

Aufenthalt in Rosenheim . Vincent Sheean 117
The Residue (verse) . . Valentine Ackland 118
Fair Tomorrow . . . . Bruce Bliven Jr. 119
The Catholic Church in Politics: IV . . . . . Leo H. Lehmann 122
For a Modernist Sermon (verse) . . . . . Kenneth Burke 125
Shoot the Works . . . Heywood Broun 126
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 127
Other People's Money . . John T. Flynn 128
Hearken Ye Angels . . . . Stark Young 129
Five Sonnets from China . . W. H. Auden 130
The Bandwagon 131
A Communication . . . . . Upton Sinclair and William Allen White 131
Correspondence 133

Winter Book Number

Books That Changed Our Minds . . . . . Malcolm Cowley 135
Cold Water on Bakunin . Edmund Wilson 137
One Hundred Notable Books 140
Monument to Marlborough . . . . . Robert Morss Lovett 142
Oh, Carry Me Back . . Miriam Borgenicht 144
The Perfect Courtier . . Harold J. Laski 146
Life with Grandma . . . . R. M. L. 147
Books for Children . . . . . Jessie Stanton and Ellen Steele 148
Crusaders . . . . . Beulah Amidon 152
How Bad Were the Generals? . . . . . George Fielding Eliot 154
New Books: A Reader's List 155

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with his supposed inveterate enemies on the East. As for Russian policy, it is clear that there is to be no banging of the door against the West. The Russians will continue to solve their problems one at a time, as each situation requires. Despite the collapse of French policy, the USSR is still a factor to be considered.

The Doctors and "Contract Medicine"

The American Medical Association, which is opposed to "socialized medical care," also objects to what it calls "contract medicine," under which an individual can pay a lump annual sum and receive in turn medical aid when he is ill. Although services of this type are now widely used in the United States, the AMA continues to fight them; the recent action by the Department of Justice against the District of Columbia medical society was based upon a dispute of this character. While many doctors continue to follow meekly the policies laid down for them by the executive group in the AMA, not all of them do so. The New York County Medical Society a few days ago was asked to approve a by-law curbing contract medicine, and after a long and stormy session, refused to do so. The action was a notable victory for the rising tide of opinion both within and without the profession in favor of experiments to solve the problem of providing adequate medical care for everyone regardless of his individual financial position.

Un-American Lies

The two most prominent purveyors of lies in the United States at present are Representative Dies and Father Coughlin. They both retail untruths so rapidly that it is impossible to catch up with them, but we may here put on record a few of the worst. A witness before the Dies committee called The New Republic a "Communist weekly." The Congressman also called Roger Baldwin, leading spirit of the American Civil Liberties Union, a Communist, thus hoping to smear Secretary Ickes, who is on its board. Mr. Baldwin, as his friends know, is not a Communist. Whatever his views about the economic system, his main energy for years has been devoted to preserving liberties guaranteed by the American Bill of Rights, and he has at times been under heavy fire from Communists for defending these rights in the cases of Nazis, Fascists and other black reactionaries. Mr. Dies tried to smear the National Labor Relations Board by accusing its economist, David Saposs, of being a "Red," quoting in substantiation a passage written long ago by Saposs, the burden of which was that the capitalist system is unsatisfactory. Chairman Madden of the Labor Board explained that the passage in question was a description of opinions expressed by others at a conference reported by Mr. Saposs, but Mr. Dies repeated his charge with no further evidence. Mr. Saposs in fact is an outstanding labor economist, being one of the collaborators with Professor John R. Commons in his monumental "History of Labor in the United States." Though, like many intelligent Americans, he wants changes in our limping economy, it is pure libel to assert that he ever wanted to bring about such changes by other than democratic methods. In these and other cases Dies spreads charges on the record without bothering to verify their truth or to give the victims a chance to testify.

Father Coughlin in a radio speech asserted that "the 1917 list of those who, with Lenin, ruled many of the activities of the Soviet Republic, disclosed that of the twenty-five quasi Cabinet members, twenty-four of them were atheistic Jews." The Soviet Republic was not in existence until the autumn of 1917. The revolutionary provisional government of Russia was non-Bolshevik. Alexander Kerensky, its Premier, now asserts that there was not a single Jew in this government. The Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party, consisting of twenty-four members, in 1917 contained only seven Jews. Father Coughlin also asserted that an official British "White Paper," issued in 1919, listed Kuhn, Loeb and Company and Jacob Schiff of New York as among those who financed the Russian Revolution and communism. The British Library of Information, which has a copy of this White Paper, replies that no such statement is made in it. The charge is likewise denied by Kerensky, by Leon Trotsky, and by Kuhn, Loeb and Company. The United States Secret Service, a report of which Father Coughlin also gives as authority for a similar allegation, states categorically that no such report was ever made by it.

Prospects of Relapse

Business is better. Between July and October the Federal Reserve index of industrial production rose from 83 to 96—a figure only four points lower than the "par" average of 1923-25. During the same time the index of income-tax payments increased from 81.3 to 83.7. Since March, according to a report by the Labor Department, 900,000 industrial workers have been reëmployed. Business is better and there is no doubt that a major factor of improvement has been the government's "pump-priming" expenditures. There is a direct correlation between the increase in public expenditures by the WPA and the PWA and the graphic rise of industrial indices. The WPA is spending more than $200,000,000 a month and the PWA (according to estimates) close to $20,000,000. Despite the beneficial effects of this spending, Washington rumor—which is often extremely accurate—has it that the WPA is about to be drastically cut, partially to make room for the huge expenditures anticipated in the name of "national defense." We have often stated the economic arguments against the substitution of an armament orgy for public spending as a means to recovery: the pay checks go not to the needy unemployed, for the most part, but to skilled workers who are already drawing

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good salaries. And armaments are a social cipher compared to the useful projects the government has undertaken and should continue to undertake.

Metropolitan Life Fights the Union

For more than a year the agents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company have been fighting for recognition of their union, Local 30, the United Office and Professional Workers of America. In April, 1938, the union won the election conducted by the New York State Labor Relations Board. Metropolitan Life refused to bargain with the union representatives, and on July 27 the New York State Supreme Court ordered the company to obey. The Appellate Division sustained the decision but the Metropolitan Life is still adamant. It has taken the case to the Court of Appeals to prove the state law unconstitutional. Meanwhile the directors of the company have employed all the shabbiest anti-union tactics. The office workers are beset with anti-union leaflets and handbills praising the labor policies of Ford, Knudsen and Girdler; a company union called the Employees' Fidelity Association has been organized. Within the past three weeks they have fired twenty-seven leading members of Local 30, and are threatening the jobs of several hundred more. It is remarkable that Metropolitan Life, on the eve of the SEC's searching investigation into the industry, should act thus, in clear violation of both the state and federal labor laws. More is involved, however, than tactics. Metropolitan Life is owned, according to law, by its policy-holders. The company's officials are only trustees, bound to act in the interest of the investors. Hundreds of thousands of these are themselves trade-union members or sympathetic to the labor movement. The violent, anti-union campaign of Metropolitan Life is a violation of the trust by which it exists.

News Notes of a Week

Germany's pressure upon the Jews continues. New regulations virtually confiscate 20 percent of the wealth of individual Jews; personal property is being handed over in "pawnshops" where contemptuous Nazis set their own valuations. Proposals for new homes for the refugees continue amid growing opposition to giving them a chance in any well populated area in the temperate zone. Tanganyika, British Guiana and Alaska were all discussed. . . . There were more armed conflicts along the northern and southern borders of Ruthenia, where Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Germany are all said to have forces. . . . Prime Minister Chamberlain announced that he will visit Mussolini in January. . . . Lieutenant General Eiki Tojo, Japanese Vice-Minister of War, predicted that his country will soon engage in a full-dress struggle with Soviet Russia.

Washington dispatches said the State Department will again try in the next session of Congress to obtain modification of the neutrality law so that the President can embargo an aggressor nation while exempting its victim. . . . The Joint Preparatory Committee on Philippine Affairs recommended a gradual severance of economic ties over the next twenty-two years to lessen the financial difficulties of freedom. Business men in Washington gave testimony for and against profit-sharing, the "incentive tax" and an annual rather than a daily or weekly wage. . . . A conference of several thousand lawyers demanded the lifting of the Spanish embargo.

French Business Heils Hitler

FRANCE, AS WE WRITE, is facing a grave internal crisis, the outcome of which is difficult to foresee. Daladier, having broken the People's Front by detaching the Radical Socialists (who constitute a middle-class party neither radical nor socialist) from the Socialists and Communists, and having obtained decree powers by a small majority in Parliament, has ordered the abolition of the forty-hour week and other gains for labor obtained under the Blum government. His declared reason is that the French economy must be put in order because of external danger, and production must be increased, especially in the armament industries. Labor, however, believes this is a mask for demanding unnecessary sacrifices on its part, and has decided on a one-day general strike as a protest. Daladier chooses to regard this strike as a challenge to national security and is attempting to avert it by command or suppress it by force. In advance, it looks as if either labor must submit to a dictatorial regime and lose its gains under the French "New Deal," permitting a rapid drift toward fascism, or the Daladier government must fall.

There is much behind this surface picture of a struggle between government and labor over working conditions. It has been the custom recently in this country to speak of France as a "democratic nation," ready to defend democracy as much as she could, but led astray by the British Tories in international policy, being obliged to submit to British pressure because of internal weakness. But France, as well as other capitalist democracies, contains well defined reactionary elements of her own. Indeed, it is probably true that in apportioning the blame for Munich, too much has been laid at Chamberlain's door because of his prominent part, and too little at the door of the French capitalist interests.

Looking back at the record, we have to remember that it was the French government which was mainly responsible for the mistakes that led to the rise of Hitler in the first place. France imposed the punitive peace and refused steadfastly to relent, in spite of pressure from British labor and liberals, as long as Germany and Austria were trying the road of social democracy, disarmament and conciliation. The dominant part played by predatory French capital and heavy industry

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in this policy, as represented by Poincaré and the Comité des Forges, was revealed long ago. Few things Hitler has done in Austria and Czechoslovakia were more cruel than the French occupation of the Ruhr. French policy ringed Germany round with armed opponents, fostering the militarism of Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Little Entente long before Hitler's advent was suspected. It was French banking which vetoed the tariff treaty between Germany and Austria and forced the collapse of the Austrian *Creditanstalt* during the great depression. And French capital participated in subsidizing Hitler himself before he had risen to power. Meanwhile, the French did not lift a finger to help the Austrian Socialists in their struggle with Catholic fascism, which opened the way for Hitler in Vienna, but supported Dollfuss, who trained his guns on the workers' model apartments.

When, finally, French fascism began to be openly threatening in Paris, the popular reaction raised Blum to power at the head of a coalition of the Left and Center. But fascism and reaction did not evaporate; they simply went underground and bided their time. The internal "New Deal" which the People's Front wrote into the law created bitter resentment on the Right. Blum is in some respects a timid man, and like traditional Socialists, was for peace at almost any price in external affairs. This attitude, combined with bourgeois pressure in behalf of Franco, made him assent to the policy of denying the Spanish government the right to buy arms at the outbreak of the rebellion. In spite of steady pressure from the left on behalf of the Loyalists, the conservative elements in France have been no less insistent than the British in retaining the fraudulent "non-intervention" policy ever since. The French Foreign Office and military had been perfectly willing previously to sabotage democracy abroad in the interests of national defense; now they were not willing to support democracy abroad even though a Fascist victory in Spain would seriously imperil national security. Likewise they had been extremely reluctant to apply League sanctions against Italy in the Ethiopian affair.

Blum's government eventually fell because of bitter opposition from the Right and Center. The internal situation kept on growing worse, while Hitler's star rose. At a time of crisis, Blum made a supreme effort to form a "national government," including elements from all those loyal to the republic, to prepare the people against the external menace. Such a government could have persuaded the unions to make such concessions as were necessary in time of peril. But the conservatives would not unite with Socialists and labor for national security. They insisted on controlling the government first of all, and keeping labor out. This they finally achieved through Daladier, who has led the Radical Socialists out of the People's Front.

Undoubtedly the majority of the French people were astonished by the apparent reversal of foreign policy at Munich, by the desertion of Czechoslovakia and the virtual abandonment of the Franco-Soviet alliance. These barriers against German expansion, maintained so consistently when Germany was democratic, were now tossed away in the face of Nazi threats. But the surrender might have been expected. Conservatives in France, like those in England, are more afraid of the progress of social democracy than they are of Nazi domination. All these years, while they have been operating under the mask both of national security and of international order under the League, they have really been waging a class war both at home and abroad.

If anything were needed to expose the genuine tendency of those who now control the government of France, it would be the events of the past two weeks. While the civilized world was still revolted by the shock of the Nazi barbarities against the Jews, and while President Roosevelt was recalling our Ambassador from Berlin, Daladier sent a new Ambassador to be received cordially by Hitler at Berchtesgaden, and announced an agreement with Germany pledging both countries to settlement of all future disputes by conference. This, like the Anglo-German agreement of the same kind, sounds harmless enough, but what it really means is that France seals her intention, expressed at Munich in spite of her treaty obligations, to interpose no more vetoes to whatever Hitler may do in Europe, so long as he does not attack the French frontier. At the same time the solidarity of Daladier's government with the British reactionaries was celebrated by the visit of Chamberlain and Foreign Minister Halifax to Paris.

Does Daladier take Hitler's promise seriously? If he does, why the increased program of militarization? Why the sudden offensive against labor on behalf of larger production in the armament industry?

It is easy to see through this policy, and French labor, we believe, has correctly judged it. Daladier, in calling the general strike "political," is correct—it is a protest against a momentous political tendency. The French conservatives, even more than the British, will never fight for democracy abroad, as they have fought for capitalist imperialism. They will abet Nazism and fascism in their warfare not only against communism but against liberalism. They will submit to the aggrandizement of Hitler. Meanwhile they will use the danger of foreign attack to divide and defeat democracy at home. It is an old trick, but they think it still can be made to work.

Again we must draw the lesson that The New Republic has never ceased to emphasize. The real danger from fascism to the great democracies is not a danger of conquest by German or Italian or Japanese arms. It is the danger of reactionary pressure and of political treachery from within. The formula successfully applied by Hitler in Germany can be adapted to the uses of nationalist reaction anywhere, and only the internal strengthening of democratic institutions can withstand it.

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The New Deal and the Trusts

THE MONOPOLY INVESTIGATION which began on December 1 has been subjected to much advance criticism. Republicans have said it would be used as a sounding board for an attack on big business by the Democrats. John T. Flynn believes that the investigation will ultimately prove a benefit to the monopolists themselves. Dr. Charles A. Beard thinks this is just another trust-busting expedition which will come to nothing. The friends of the inquiry insist, in contradiction, that before we can plan our economic life intelligently we must know what are the facts, and that the investigation is intended merely to give us the facts.

At this juncture it may be useful to review the present attitude of the government agency now concerned with enforcement of the law—the Department of Justice, which is now, as it has been for many years in the past, charged with the duty of acting under the Sherman law. The Department is one of the agencies participating in the investigation by the Temporary National Economic Committee. Its primary responsibility, however, is carrying out the present statute.

As the enforcement officials (headed by Professor Thurman Arnold of Yale Law School who is now an Assistant Attorney General) see it, the main function of the anti-trust division, under the existing law, is to organize its efforts against monopolies and conspiracies on a practical basis. Its officers are determined to proceed neither in an atmosphere of moral fervor nor of dry legalism, but in one of economic common sense. They want to know whether current trade practices constitute an interference with efficient mass production and orderly marketing. If they find that this is the case, they propose to stop it. Their technique is a simple one. Ideally, at least, they want to work with one industry at a time, or at least with a large geographical unit of an industry. They begin with a grand-jury investigation, which has obvious advantages. Testimony is secret, but under subpoena. (Witnesses appearing before the monopoly investigation will be immune from prosecution rising out of statements made there.) While the effect of prosecution should of course be to prevent the practices complained of, a further step is necessary in the case of highly organized industries. With them, when one set of practices has been abandoned it usually becomes necessary to substitute others which also require concerted action. It then becomes important that business should know whether the proposed new type of action is reasonable under the Sherman Act. The Department proposes to use the consent decree to give business that assurance. It offers to present for court approval the practices that are proposed as a substitute for methods which have been charged to be illegal.

In the public mind, violation of the Sherman Act is usually associated with a small number of vast corporations which are able to conspire together against the public interest. But in fact, an extremely serious evil is conspiracy by middle and small-sized businesses. Every town in the United States sees men in the same line engaging in quiet understandings against price cutting. Once in a blue moon, the price cutter may be dishonest and his actions undesirable; but over and over again, the men who stand together to keep prices up are actually conspiring for abnormal profits and restriction of volume, against the public interest. Time after time the so-called "chiseler" whom they put out of business is endeavoring to restore honest competition and a sane and reasonable price level. In some of the states, he is now muzzled by price-maintenance laws. If present practices in scores of industries had been observed by the automobile makers, for instance, in their early days, your motor car would now cost you about $8,000. The conspirators have other effective ways of dealing with the man who won't play ball with them: anti-chain-store laws, pressure on wholesalers or manufacturers, or the use of local inspection laws under which the recalcitrant is fined in court time and again on trumped-up charges.

When we come to the industries dominated by huge units, the picture nowadays is somewhat different, as the Department of Justice officials see it. Today there is often little competition in price, but a great deal of competition in false claims made through advertising, in useless and expensive "service" or in banking and financial control. The automobile companies, for example, were embarked upon a course which, through their control of the finance corporations, would have made them the biggest bankers in the country, with interest charges far higher than they seem (because the man who buys a car on time continues to pay interest on the instalments already met as well as those to come). Some advertising men were needlessly alarmed by recent remarks of Mr. Arnold, asserting that he had expressed opposition to all advertising. On the contrary, he had opposed only advertising which, by its character, tended to support monopolistic practices against the public interest.

If units within an industry desire to organize and stand together for any particular purpose, the Department asks them to be prepared to come into court and show that these combinations are necessary either in the interest of efficiency or that of orderly marketing.

One may ask how administration of the anti-trust law today differs from administration any time the past few decades. One important answer is personnel. Never in the past has the government had enough people, or strong enough people, engaged in this work to create effective results. When Theodore Roosevelt started "trust-busting" he had only four lawyers and five secretaries on the job. The anti-trust work today has ninety-seven carefully picked and specially trained men, but they are only a beginning. In Mr. Arnold's opinion, at least another 150 are needed. Regional offices all over the country are necessary, so as to follow out the other

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important principle, of dealing with only one industry at a time, but the whole industry. The failure that comes from attacking individual companies one by one has been amply demonstrated over forty years.

As the present authorities see it, there is no reason why business men should operate in a cloud of doubt and uncertainty as to what government expects of them. They have a right to ask questions and to have these questions answered. The government of course cannot be a party to private agreements; that is why it is desirable to bring men into court and obtain consent decrees. The policy under which we are operating may or may not prove in the long run to be a wise one; that is for others than the Department of Justice to say, and over a period of many years. In the meantime, it is hoped that the law can now be enforced intelligently, reasonably and in the public interest. If that is done, it will be for the first time in its history.

Rescue the Starving in Spain

THE WAR IN SPAIN, like all modern wars, is being fought mainly at the expense of the civilian population. Women and children, the aged and the infirm, are suffering in many ways—through the terror of bombardment, through the destruction of all normal life, through cold, disease, and above all, hunger. The food situation, especially in Loyalist territory, has now become very nearly desperate. The death rate has gone up alarmingly, from starvation-induced diseases. Children, of course, suffer worst of all. An adult can go on a limited diet for some time and recover from it, but a child (if it survives) may be adversely affected for life.

In this crisis, Mr. Ernst Toller, the exiled German playwright, has come forward with a suggestion that ought to make, and indeed has already made, an irresistible appeal. He is asking the democratic governments of the world to contribute, among them, foodstuffs to the value of $50,000,000 to help relieve the children and the other sufferers in Spain. He proposes to offer this relief on both sides, without asking what are the political opinions of the victims or anything else about them except their need. It is probable, however, that aid will be more urgently required among the Loyalists than on Franco's side. The Loyalists, with about one-third of the land area, now have something like two-thirds of the population, including several million refugees who fled before Franco's army. Moreover, the Rebels hold some of the richest farm lands formerly used to feed the great cities that continue in Loyalist hands. Indeed, if we may believe General Franco and such stalwart American apologists of his as Merwin Hart and Ellery Sedgwick, business is booming among the Rebels. (The Society of Friends—the Quakers—say on the contrary that there is deep suffering among people in Franco territory.) In any case, the Toller proposal cannot be called partisan: the money would be spent wherever there was need, the whole management being in the hands of the Quakers.

In a short time, Mr. Toller has achieved a striking degree of success. His plan has been endorsed by the fifteen hundred persons who attended the recent conference on the Spanish food situation in London. It also has the blessing of the great union movement in several countries and of many distinguished public men. Among them are the Archbishops of Canterbury, York and Upsala, many Protestant and Catholic clergymen in Spain, Jose Bergamin, Pablo Picasso, H. G. Wells, E. M. Forster, Rose Macaulay, Philip Guedalla, Rebecca West, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and numerous others. The governments of Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Great Britain have approved the plan, and it is expected that other European countries will do the same in the near future. But naturally, the United States is the keystone in the arch. This country on a basis of its traditions ought to take the lead in such an enterprise as this. We can contribute our share of the money more easily than most other governments. Moreover, we have great quantities of surplus food products on hand which at present are a threat to prices and a menace to prosperity. We have for example 300,000,000 bushels of wheat beyond our normal requirements. We hope that once Mr. Toller's request has been brought to the attention of the President and his advisers, the United States will do its part.

A word of caution is needed in regard to the relation of this plan to private charity for Spain. Even if it goes through, the need there is so desperate that there should not be the slightest relaxation of effort. Many other things besides food are required, and this need will continue. Whether the Toller plan is adopted or not, American hearts and pursestrings should be open to the victims of the Spanish tragedy which is so completely the tragedy of democracy throughout the world.

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Aufenthalt in Rosenheim

THE CAR BROKE DOWN not far beyond Siegsdorf on the Reichsautobahn to Munich—the great Reichsautobahn which is the most beautiful of all German motor roads, since it leads to the home of the Führer. It broke down, precisely, alongside the Chiemsee within sight of the fantastic isle where Ludwig II, another mad South German, built his absurd imitation Versailles. There was no traffic on the road at that hour of the night and four and a half hours passed before a mechanic could be routed out of bed at the nearest town and brought to tow us in.

He towed us in to Rosenheim, a comfortable Bavarian town of something like twenty thousand inhabitants. The car was in a dreadful state, it appeared, all of the teeth having disappeared from its tooth-wheel—I translate literally from the German, with no knowledge of the true English equivalents of such terms—and another could not be obtained nearer than Cologne. So here I sit in Rosenheim, day after day, waiting for a tooth-wheel.

The enforced stay in Rosenheim is not without interest. The place is notable, among other things, for having been the birthplace of the General Field Marshal Hermann Göring, and a place so sanctified cannot be altogether forgotten by Nazi solicitude. As I wander about the streets of the town, over the arcaded footwalks and beneath the tall, narrow oriels which the good Baedeker tells me are characteristic of this region, I observe a variety of edifying phenomena unmentioned in the guidebook. For example, the displays of names, photographs and other material on a glassed-in bulletin board entitled "The Jews Are Our Misfortune" *(Die Juden sind unser Unglück)*. Such bulletin boards are at present no less characteristic of the region, I imagine, than arcaded footwalks and tall, narrow oriels.

The chief part of the bulletin board is taken up with typewritten lists of "racial comrades" *(Volksgenossen)* who have committed the crime of buying something from the Jews. These lists are headed "They bought from Jews." There are two such lists, the one obviously a sort of annex to the first, of slightly more recent date. The lists give full names and addresses of such treacherous "racial comrades," but do not specify what was the object bought from Jews. In one corner of the bulletin board there is a group of eight or nine snapshots of such unfaithful Aryans, labeled also "They bought from Jews," and presumably made just as the guilty purchases were about to be taken home. One of these shows an old woman with a market basket; another shows a young man on a bicycle with a package under his arm.

In the center of the bulletin board there is a list headed "Jewish businesses in Rosenheim." This contains only nine names, four of which have subsequently been crossed out in red crayon. You can imagine for yourself what the crossing out in red crayon signifies.

Every inch of the bulletin board is taken up by material of great interest. For instance, here in the upper right-hand corner is a photograph of three men in evening dress smiling in a group at (obviously) a banquet of some sort. Two of them are shaking hands. The caption on this photograph says: "Jewish Instigators of the Satanic Hatred of Germans" *(Judenhetzer des Satanisches Deutschhass)*. Underneath this it specifies the three men: "The physicist Albert Einstein—Rabbi Stephen Wise, a Führer of Zionism—Fiorello LaGuardia, the mayor of the Jewish world-metropolis, New York." Next to this is a peculiarly unesthetic photograph of Mr. LaGuardia, chosen for grotesque effect; he has his mouth wide open and his head thrown back, arms and legs all flailing about in every direction. This picture is entitled: "A Singer of Obscene Couplets? No. The Half-Jew Mayor of the Jewish World Metropolis, New York." Two other photographs show members of the Munich Social Democratic Party of the days just after the War, but are chosen with the utmost skill so as to make these gentlemen look as much as possible like the Nazi idea of a Jewish criminal conspirator.

Press clippings are distributed in any free space there may be on the board. One clipping narrates the "provocative" deed of a Jewish woman who, on buying some apples in a market, complained of their quality and was then set upon by the Aryan women there present and "taught a lesson." Another discusses the crime of purchasing goods from Jews. A third tells of a Jewish merchant named Hess, who, on being asked what his name really was, replied with criminal impudence, "the same as the Führer's—Stellvertreter" (usurper).

Running across the top of this bulletin board is the text of the decree issued by General Field Marshal Hermann Göring last April, making it a crime punishable by imprisonment and fines to deal with a Jew in business, to represent Jews in the law courts, or to take the place of Jews in running a business.

How, actually, can such things be? The thought torments every hour one spends in Germany. Not that prejudice and cruelty are at all unusual in human nature: we see them everywhere. But how can the German nation, this mighty and splendid nation, have sunk so low as to build a whole system on prejudice, construct a philosophy out of inhumanity? How can the ordinary, friendly, good-natured people one sees in the

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streets and the beer gardens and shops, the clear-eyed German people, accept such twisted and darkened and hideous nonsense as being a rule of life? Similarly, how do they accept the frightful lies their newspapers and radio gave them every day, a few weeks ago, about Czechoslovakia and "Czech atrocities"? How can they believe, as they do believe, that all non-Fascist countries are controlled by the Jews in a sense of sheer hatred for Germany? How can they join with such alacrity in the whole Nazi rigmarole of salutes and "Heil Hitlers!" and "Sieg Heils!" and the rest of it?

In the restaurants where I eat, while waiting for the tooth-wheel for the car, I see all the usual types of southern German. They are not physically so beautiful and strong as the types one sees in, say, Saxony, but they have their share of the national gifts in that direction. They come and go with "Heil Hitlers" on their lips, their right hands pawing the air—old men and young, women and children, doing their part in this mad dance which must in the end be a dance of death. They do not seem to be aware that it is a dance of death. "Our Führer never wanted war, so we knew there would be no war"—that is what several of them have said to me lately, in Rosenheim. "We were not afraid," they say, "because we knew the Führer would not make war." They laugh at the photographs they see of frantic war precautions in London, Paris and Prague; the pictures of Hyde Park dug up to make refuges against air bombing are regarded as particularly humorous.

How was this done? A people like the Germans, heirs to an immense and irreplaceable culture, cannot be all fools. We know that the life of the modern mind would be crippled—would hardly go on at all—in any country if it were not for the contributions made to it by German genius. Then how can the direct heirs and products of this superior culture behave so like gangster children?

We are thrown back on the explanation offered by Prince Bülow, who had had ample opportunities to know his people. He said (it comes somewhere in his memoirs, but I have no copy here in Rosenheim to quote) that God had so enriched the German people with many gifts that he had in the end to take something away from them. The something which he took away, and without which they have floundered so foolishly through epoch after epoch, was a political sense. They have almost everything else, but in everything that has to do with politics they are the prey of tribal instinct, extreme suggestibility, sheeplike obedience and a total lack of humor or imagination. In short, they have no political sense of any kind, and were made not to rule but to be ruled.

Well, there may be something in that theory. I prefer to believe a related but dissimilar explanation of my own—that the political sense is not totally absent from the Germans, but is still extremely immature. Germany came late to political unity and is untrained in the ways of adult thinking. The war of 1914-18 left it with an assortment of grievances and a desperate sense of humiliation. Immature in the one immense department of human activity—immature for the *polis*—the German is, individually and in the aggregate, such a powerful part of the human body that his political adolescence can only be a time of grave danger for all the rest of us. These gentle, kindly, cultivated people, the clear-eyed, loyal, decent people, are the most easily deluded in the world, politically speaking—and, being deluded, are terrible in their strength.

I remember something I saw along the road in Czechoslovakia the other day. It was the day after the Reichswehr had occupied the "third zone" awarded to them by Neville Chamberlain: the zone which extended beyond Carlsbad to Buchau in old Bohemia. We were driving along towards Prague in the car (which then had its tooth-wheel relatively intact) when we passed a Reichswehr staff car drawn up beside the road. Half in and half out of it were two very brave and elegant young fellows in gray. They had a pair of binoculars which they were passing back and forth as they gazed across the valley in the fading day towards the hills beyond—towards the Czechoslovak line of fortifications. They were laughing. Laughing, that is, in their youth and strength and in the power of their great delusion, that the world belongs to them. It would have done no good whatever to stop and tell them what a disastrous delusion this is, and what certain ruin it must bring upon the Germany they love. They believe it: "Heil Hitler!" and "Sieg Heil!" for a while yet.

Well, the tooth-wheel will probably come tomorrow, and I can move on out of Rosenheim and these melancholy reflections. There is some slight, cold comfort in the thought that Germany's value to the human spirit is untouched by these terrifying phenomena of her political adolescence, and that when the torture of the coming years is over their lies and obfuscations will perish too. As the cynical Direktor says in the first speech of Goethe's prologue: "I know how to propitiate the spirit of the people"—*Ich weiss, wie man den Geist des Volks versöhnt.*

VINCENT SHEEAN

The Residue

We who are cowards are left little enough to care
for; we dare not remember of life or of love
anything—anything. Of all that we had, we have
nothing in mind at the last, nothing to save
except, now, this skinful of dust, soon to be tossed on the air,
this trembling morsel of grave.

VALENTINE ACKLAND

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Fair Tomorrow

You have ample justification for skepticism about the New York World's Fair of 1939. Past expositions serve as a warning. They have been too big, too dull and too commercial. If you care little about the internal mysteries of the gasoline engine or how synthetic rubber is born and if you are humanly susceptible to museum feet, you may have decided already that the World's Fair will be something to avoid. If you live in New York you may even be planning a retreat between April 30 and November 1, 1939, to keep out of the way of the millions of onrushing Fair visitors. You may be quite right. It will certainly be hard to get a table at the International Casino next summer. But my guess is you're wrong about the Fair.

It is, of course, a commercial enterprise, backed by the nation's most affluent business men, men who devote little time to giving more than they receive. Its sponsorship is veiled by the active participation of federal, state and city governments and the Fair's publicity experts have succeeded in establishing a quasi-public aura about the wonder city rising out of Flushing Meadows. All New York motorists, whether they care for the project or not, carry an advertising plug on their license plates. The government participates, but it does not control. Out of the total capital investment of $60,000,000 going into the show, $30,000,000 is government money. The federal coffers contribute $3,500,000, New York State $6,500,000 and New York City $20,000,000. For its money the federal government gets the largest single exhibit hall at the head of the central mall. The state and city get a series of permanent buildings, a permanent park site complete with trees that is worth $100,000,000 and the prospect of a billion dollars' worth of business in the Greater New York area.

But control of the show is in the hands of the Fair Administration acting in the faintly blurred interest of the Fair corporation and its thousands of bondholders, who have subscribed approximately $30,000,000 for four-percent paper which will mature in 1941. Two distinct groups exist within the Administration. There are the business men, of whom Mr. Grover A. Whalen is the prototype and head man. Their job is to "put the Fair over," to persuade exhibitors to come, to sprinkle newspaper offices with neat releases, to officiate at Last Rivet ceremonies and to send off distinguished aviators. They are the Barnums, the barkers in cutaways. Mr. Whalen's colleagues on the Fair's staff tell me he is doing a first-rate job; that he works hard and long and painstakingly. But his task is primarily a salesman's. The second group within the Administration, and to me the more interesting one, is that of the industrial designers, architects and social scientists who see the Fair as a first-class medium for presenting their ideas to a large, receptive audience.

Out on Flushing Meadows the men who are punching the Fair into its final physical shape have made astounding progress. The opening day is five months away, but there are already enough miles of finished walks, roadways and exhibit halls to exhaust the strongest arches. Luckily I was driven through the grounds in one of the khaki-colored station wagons that form the second-string fleet of official cars (the speedometer on mine showed 7,403 miles). At its present stage your first impression of the Fair, and a powerful one, is the bold and effective use of color. Earlier expositions have been chromatically dull: Chicago in 1893 was nearly all white, like the Buffalo exposition in 1901 and St. Louis in 1904. Texas in 1936 was tawny yellow. Chicago in 1933 used a few familiar colors experimentally. New York in 1939 will be all the colors of the spectrum. In airplane view the main avenues which radiate from the Theme Center of the Fair form a wheel, with the Trylon and Perisphere as the hub. And each of these avenues has been assigned a primary color. From the warm, off-white of the Theme Center the hues along each street will increase in intensity as one gets farther and farther from the central axis, and the buildings and murals and plants will all be in harmony. Along the Avenue of Patriots, for example, the color ranges from white through the pastel shades of yellow to gold at its extremity. On Constitution Mall the series is through the reds to burgundy, and on the Avenue of Pioneers from the pale blues to ultramarine. A Fair visitor, confused by the bigness of it all, can approximate his distance from the center of things by a glance at the color of the nearest flower or building.

Two details about the care with which this color idea is being executed are worth mention. One is that the botanical experts are conducting a series of tests in their special flower beds to determine the exact hues of certain species that have seldom been grown before in these parts. They are also noting the exact tones of fading flowers. The Fair will be as continuously in bloom as is possible: the hundreds of beds containing approximately 2,000,000 plants will be replanted three times during the summer (if the Fair lasts no longer). But fading plants will have to wither in hues suitable to the basic color-scheme or out they come. The other detail concerns the colors in the murals and on the exteriors of buildings. Architects have never used outdoor colors to such an extent before. And because many of the pigments had to be especially devel-

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oped for the Fair's use, they are bound to fade during its existence. So in a special paint-testing enclosure these colors have been exposed to the winds and heat and rain of Flushing Meadows for nearly two years. The color experts, even though they can't prevent the fading, have charted its rate. The colors now being applied are too bright, but by design. In August, 1939, when the Fair is half over, they will have faded to precisely the intensity the artists prescribed.

The physical size of the Fair unsettled my original, comfortable attitude of skepticism. We drove up beside the framework of the Perisphere and Trylon, the Fair's trademark and most widely publicized single attraction. The ball and spike appear on the official stationery, on the uniforms of the special police, on the cover of the special supplement the Encyclopedia Britannica has published and all over the multitudes of souvenir buttons, pins and badges. But I'd never been impressed by the thing until I sat there at its base, staring up at the intricate, orange steel frame. That ball has an interior twice the size of the inside of Radio City Music Hall. The triangular obelisk beside it rises 700 feet, about 150 feet beyond the top of the Washington Monument. Every six minutes an audience of 6,000 will be able to ride up to the belly of the perisphere in glass-enclosed escalators and step out onto a revolving platform, seemingly just suspended in space. In fact, the entire structure appears to be floating in air, because the solid-steel supports that now thrust down reassuringly into the gravel and mud will be sheathed in mirrors and set into a little lake blanketed in mist. If the visitor can control his terror at hanging inside a huge ball which is itself merely drifting on a cloud, he may look down into the shiny metropolis of tomorrow, "Democracity," a cooperative enterprise in which all the technicians have pooled their foresight.

More than half the exhibit halls are finished. The interiors and the exhibits themselves are still to come, but their shells are in place. There has been criticism of the Fair's architectural pattern; it is said the buildings look like dull rows of boxes, that the lack of windows is an example of "functionalism" carried beyond the point of common-sense usefulness, that their construction is flimsy. The murals have also been attacked. Some of the artists are accused of unoriginality or ugliness, others of obscurity. Knowing nothing about architecture except what I see in the movies, I nevertheless disagree with the critics on the first score. The buildings have no windows because every time you cut a hole in a wall you destroy the exhibit space inside. They have an interesting variety of shapes: the Maritime Building, for example, with two huge pillars of concrete like ocean liners' prows rising up beside the main entrance, or the Aviation Building, a conventionalized replica of a China Clipper's snout. Frank impermanence was the intention of the architects whose buildings are to last not more than two years. This Fair's exhibit halls are the antitheses of the marble palaces of Chicago in 1893; they are quick and gay and reckless.

Perhaps you can complain with more justification about the Fair's art. Lots of the murals are dull and self-conscious and in the Radio City style which I don't happen to like; big circus women with round contours and no clothes, holding an assortment of lightning bolts or a plowshare and representing, according to the legend, The World of Tomorrow, Freedom of Speech or the Way to the Ladies' Room. But, in fairness, there is more that I like than not, especially a big red mural on the back of the Food Building by Carlo Campaglia and a spiral chrome-steel fountain in the court of the Science and Education Building. And the idea behind the free-handed use of color, murals and sculptures is admirable. Art is shown to be fun, not just something to be stared at with suspicious awe in galleries or public parks, but a comfortable, useful thing like the rug on the floor for everybody's house and everyman's office. I shall be surprised, along with the Fair's art-planning board, if this attitude as it is carried out here does not spill over into the building and decoration tomorrow.

Like everybody else who has written about the Fair, I'm letting myself get off on its least important aspects. The sheer acreage is impressive. I have a hard time avoiding a catalogue of gadgets. What I have to say about the Fair, and the only thing that may escape the attention of the editors who are already laying out page after page of Sunday-supplement features for the long hard winter, is that there is a good chance the Fair will get across some ideas to its 30,000,000 visitors (who will each pay three admissions).

All Fairs have had themes, but most of them were accidental. The impresarios have looked back after the gates were closed and said (as they did after the St. Louis Fair in 1904), "Well, now, this fair was pretty important because its most dramatic event was the arrival of the first automobile ever to travel from New York to St. Louis under its own power and this marks the birth of America's greatest new industry." But the New York World's Fair has a solid idea of its message in advance. It is to sing the praises and underscore the possibilities of the democratic form of government. This sounds several shades too noble for a high-pressure commercial venture, but it's important to remember the dual-control group running the show. A sort of tug-of-war has gone on between the commercial interests and the social theorists to determine whose work shall dominate. The artists, engineers and social planners of the second category are interested in showing what America of tomorrow could be like if we would utilize the material skills their laboratories have al-

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ready developed. They want to show that democracy is the form of government best suited for maximum utilization; to stress the "interdependence of man," the necessity of coöperation between their separate special skills. Dictatorship has developed to a fine point the technique of singing its own praises. And in a sense the World's Fair is an experiment in the same art, but for a democracy.

When the New York Fair had just begun, the directors gathered together an advisory board of ninety-six professional men and women. They were educators and social theorists, artists and designers, journalists, engineers and social workers without any interest in a commercial exhibition. Their job was to develop a theme for the fair. Its fundamental point was there, of course, from the outset. Any fair is designed to plug the products of its exhibitors. But, with the experience of all previous exhibitors to go by, the directors realized that the public must be offered something more. To the panel of ninety-six consultants this extra something was the important thing.

The business men acknowledge the soundness of the principle. They know they cannot be naïvely direct in their selling campaigns. If the Galoshes Hall were to do no more than push row after row of attractively priced My-T-Dry Galoshes the fickle audience would soon wander off. The business men are in favor of the theme on that account. It gives the Fair a valid excuse for being. In the long run, the "message" of the Fair is in their interest as well, and many recognize the fact.

The Fair hopes to reduce the long lag between invention and merchandising. Everyone is familiar with this phenomenon of our economy—the way useful inventions remain on the laboratory shelf either through the lack of interest on the part of the consumer or because the manufacturer's till is best served by their suppression. But by showing the practical use of many present inventions and developments—plastics, building materials, textiles, glass—the Fair hopes to bring up public demand for the new products to a point where their marketing will be possible. In non-commercial fields the same idea will be stressed. In housing, for example, the Fair's exhibit will include a small section of a model community—a greenbelt town in which air and light and space are utilized to their maximum. In traffic control the road engineers will present model and life-size roads incorporating the best available ideas for safety and efficiency. Similar stories will be told in soil conservation, public health, education and transportation in the most dramatic, visual forms.

There will be a conspicuous absence of trade names and trade-marked-product advertising. In some industries—automobiles, for example—where product competition is especially bitter, trade names will be stressed, but in many industries competing firms have banded together, played down their individual identities, and are concentrating on selling their industry's service. Twenty-six Eastern railroads are coöperating to show, not that the New York Central has got the New Haven beat a mile, but that travel by rail is safe, comfortable and cheap. The insurance companies together are selling, not policies, but longer, more healthful life; exhibits on how to eat and dress and keep from getting killed crossing streets.

The duPont Company, as another example, is going to talk primarily about the work its research men have been doing. However much you may dislike the duPont empire, its contributions to our industrial knowledge are tremendous. DuPont is showing some of the most important things it has produced during the past fifteen years: the paints and enamels, the artificial textiles, the development of dyes, the completely nontoxic refrigerant, perfumes, dyes and the fascinating variety of new plastics.

The government itself plans an impressive exhibit, in sharp contrast to the dull, departmentalized performances it has put on in the past. It is the largest exhibit, a $1,500,000 hall at the eastern end of Constitution Mall, the central axis of the grounds. Instead of following the old pattern of having each government agency present its separate story, the exhibit will be divided into twelve functional sections: conservation, food, shelter, trade, finance, transportation and communication, social welfare, education, arts and recreation, etc. The story of the government's enormous participation in each field will be told in short, snappy dramatic form. It should be a clearer picture of what the taxpayer gets for his dollar than has ever before been presented in these United States. The whole theme will emphasize, using propaganda weapons borrowed from dictators, how much more a democratic system, interested in the welfare of everybody, can do.

This Fair is so big and there is so much detail to talk about that it seems a shame to have an article end. Especially without discussing such charming exhibits as the Future of the Cow, which, it seems, ought to be a city-dweller, living in air-conditioned offices, milked by the rotolactor (merry-go-round milking machine) and fed a special diet of vitamin capsules. Or without explaining the wonders of the pyrotechnic display, the combination color-organ, symphony orchestra, searchlight, fountain display and noiseless fireworks exhibit which will play special compositions by Mr. Labatut of Princeton University over the cool waters of the Lagoon of Nations. There's been room for nothing about the exhibitions of contemporary American art, or about the comprehensive musical jubilee that is planned, nothing about the foreign exhibits, the entrancing amusement zone or how the authorities estimate 158,000 people can get to the Fair from the surrounding area every hour. But no matter. You'll probably go and see for yourself. BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

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The Catholic Church in Politics

IV: *The Church and Social Legislation*

AN ELABORATE PROGRAM of Catholic social justice, enshrined in encyclicals from Rome and expressing grave concern for the pitiful condition of the poor, has recently been promulgated officially for Catholics all over the world. Nor do bishops and priests fail to preach high principles of charity and good will. In practice, however, the behavior of Catholic Church authorities in America contradicts its pontifical sympathy and the well meaning platitudes of its spokesmen. No one need look further for confirmation of this fact than at Catholicism's campaign of opposition to the Child Labor Amendment. In this one instance are to be found practical examples of the Church's unconcern for the common welfare, its extraordinary power of control over our political life and its tie-up with the nation's reactionary interests.

Catholic opposition to the Child Labor Amendment is based upon the following reasoning: the word "labor," according to the dictionary definition, includes mental as well as physical toil; mental labor takes in education, so that the amendment, if enacted, might be interpreted to apply to classroom work. From this it is concluded that Congress would be given the power to educate, care for and even to "nationalize" all persons under the age of eighteen years, thereby endangering the existence of parochial schools. The highest legal authorities, even in the Catholic fold, have declared such an interpretation by the courts is utterly unlikely, but the Church will not take the slightest risk of jeopardizing its position, no matter at what cost to the children of the nation.

The results of a poll conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion in 1937 showed 76 percent in favor of the Federal Child Labor Amendment. Twenty-eight states already have ratified it; only eight more are needed. Failure to obtain ratification by these eight states in the 1937-38 legislatures is concededly due to Catholic Church opposition. The story of its campaign in the New York Legislature, where the poll showed 83 percent of the people in favor, is still fresh in the minds of those who are concerned with obtaining this much needed reform.

Defeated in the 1935 session of the legislature despite tremendous public support and smothered in the 1936 Judiciary Committee largely as the result of Catholic influence, the resolution for ratification of the amendment passed the Senate of the 1937 legislature by a large majority. In no other state was the interest in ratification of the amendment so intense. New York might have been the standard-bearer for the seven other states. President Roosevelt, Governor Lehman, Mayor LaGuardia, Senator Wagner, Attorney General Cummings, George F. Meany, president of the New York State Federation of Labor, representatives of churches (except the Catholic Church) all over the state, lawyers, civic workers, leaders in practically every walk of public life, all pleaded for adoption of the ratification resolution by the House. It is said that never before had a legislative hearing in New York attracted such a large attendance. Over 600 proponents were present.

The Right Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons, Catholic Bishop of the Albany Diocese, spoke at the hearing on behalf of the Bishops of New York State, urging defeat of the amendment, which he characterized as "unwarranted invasion of parental rights and a menace to the welfare of millions of children." The late Cardinal Hayes issued a letter which was read in St. Patrick's Cathedral and hundreds of other Roman Catholic churches in the state calling for the resolution's defeat. Thousands of printed postcards were distributed at religious services in the Catholic churches, to be mailed to the assemblyman whose name was printed on the reverse side. In some churches pencils were supplied by ushers who collected the cards for mailing.

Legislators reported that they had never before received so many communications on a single subject. The Democratic leader of the assembly admitted that he was unable to "stem the tide." The resolution was defeated. Said an editorial in The New York World-Telegram (March 10, 1937):

> The Child Labor Amendment has been defeated in New York and the predominating reason, frankly and undenied, was fear of going against the Catholic clergy. . . . No other power in the state seemed likely, either alone or in combination, to prevent ratification. So the Church vetoed it.

Credit for the Church's success is handed to Charles J. Tobin, secretary of the New York State Catholic Council, representative at Albany of the Roman Catholic Church, lobbyist for the estate of Nicholas F. Brady and for the New York Edison and Niagara Hudson.

Many prominent Catholics are in favor of the Child Labor Amendment and at variance with the hierarchy on its stand. The late Senator Thomas J. Walsh helped draft the amendment. Frank P. Walsh, prominent Catholic attorney, headed a committee of Catholics for ratification, and Monsignor John A. Ryan supported the amendment. But their influence and strength, in view of the hierarchy's opposition, was properly estimated by Father Jones I. Corrigan, representative of Cardinal O'Connell at the hearings on the amendment in the Massachusetts Legislature:

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You heard a lot here this morning about this committee from New York which is headed by Frank P. Walsh and Dr. Ryan. Let us get this straight once and for all. If that committee wants to create the impression that it is speaking for the Catholic Church then it is certainly trying to mislead the people of this country. . . . They are not official. In canon law the only ones who are able officially to represent Catholic truth and the Catholic Church are the Bishops of the Church. It isn't any individual layman that can speak for the Church. It isn't any individual priest that can speak for the Church. . . . The committee is a minority committee, very minority, that represents nothing but their own personal opinion.

Marriage and Divorce

Under the canon law as explained by Professor H. A. Ayrinhac, leading Catholic canonist, marriage is a contract by which men and women become irrevocably united for the procreation of children. It had its origin in the natural law; God gave it in the beginning a sacred and religious character; Christ raised it to the dignity of a sacrament. The Church claims full and exclusive authority over marriage of *all* Christians. The right of the state to any jurisdiction is categorically denied. "To decree and ordain about the sacrament is, by the will of Christ, so much a part of the power and duty of the Church that it is plainly absurd to maintain that even the smallest particle of such power has been transferred to the civil ruler" (Leo XIII, Encyclical Arcanum).

Nearly three million of the youth of the nation are taught in Catholic schools that "The State has no right either to declare valid a marriage that is null in the eyes of the Catholic Church, or to pronounce null a marriage that is really valid" ("Manual of Christian Doctrine," p. 494). Before the year 1908, when new marriage laws were promulgated by the Catholic Church, no marriage of Christians was held to be valid unless celebrated according to Catholic law. Pope Pius IX declared such marriages to be "shameful and abominable concubinage, utterly condemned by the Catholic Church" ("Allocution," 1852). This has since been modified somewhat by the *Ne Temere* decree, and today marriages of Christians outside the Catholic Church are permitted by special dispensation. Reporting the present Pope's protest against Mussolini's recent racial marriage restrictions affecting Jews and non-Aryans, the Osservatore Romano (November 14) naïvely points out that the Catholic Church imposes only two restrictions on marriage: "The first prohibits marriages between Catholics and non-baptized persons—Jews and Pagans. The second prohibits marriages between Catholics and persons who are baptized but not Catholics—such as heretics and schismatics."

The Church has had to recognize, however, that the state has power over the "civil effects" of marriage. What constitutes "civil effects" is not clearly defined in canon law, but dowry and succession rights, registration, licenses and the like are ordinarily conceded to be within the State's jurisdiction. Even in this field the Church holds that civil law must have a "reasonable cause" and should conform to the divine law. "The civil law can *assist* the Church," said Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical "Casti Connubii," "if, in laying down their ordinances they take account of what is prescribed by divine and ecclesiastical law and if penalties are fixed for offenders." He admonished the states to "establish and maintain firmly harmony and friendship with this Church of Christ in order that through the *united* activity and energy of both powers the tremendous evils [modern marriage and divorce] may be checked which menace civil society as well as the Church." What the Pope had to say on marriage and divorce was not new, for Church doctrines on moral questions are unchanging, but the Encyclical caused wide discussion because of its plea for union of Church and State in the enforcement of the Church's decrees on marriage and divorce.

The Church's position on divorce is too well known to need much explanation. Under the canon law the bond of marriage is indissoluble. Exceptions may be made but only by God directly or through His representative, the Church. It is not within human power to dissolve a marriage. "If God had so willed, it could have been made dissoluble," Professor Ayrinhac points out, ". . . but the Catholic Church has always maintained that there is no evidence of any such divine disposition and consequently the principle holds good: 'What God has joined together let no man put asunder.'"

The Catholic Church aims to abolish divorce entirely. It has been the most powerful influence in molding public opinion and in shaping legislation on this subject. Bills to liberalize divorce procedure have been blocked at every turn by Catholic agents. In New York State, where the power of the hierarchy is very great, many bills have been introduced in the legislature during the last decade to add new grounds for divorce to the existing ones, but all have failed. These measures were not mandatory. No Catholic was obliged to make use of them, but the Church, guided by Rome, refused to sanction, even to acquiesce in, any easing of the rigid divorce procedure. The faithful are warned by Pope Pius to guard against all propaganda toward this end:

> For now, alas! not secretly nor under cover, but openly, with all sense of shame put aside, now by word, again by writings, by theatrical productions of every kind, by romantic fiction, by amorous and frivolous novels, by cinematographs portraying in vivid scene, addresses broadcast by radio telephony, in short by all the inventions of modern science, the sanctity of marriage is trampled upon and derided; divorce, adultery, all the basest vices are extolled or at least depicted in such colors as to appear to be free of all reproach and infamy.

That President Roosevelt and his family countenance divorce is a matter of great concern to Catholic leaders.

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Recently Mrs. Roosevelt was assailed by the president of the Catholic Women's League in Boston for stating publicly that divorce is now a recognized factor in American life. It was charged that Mrs. Roosevelt had "given offense to a large part of our citizens" for whom "divorce is not now, nor ever will be, an accepted fact of American life."

In calling upon our national government "to do something to stop the avalanche of divorce," The Catholic World remarked that it might embarrass "our present leader to do so, for in his own family there have been two divorces, much to the disedification of the people. If, for shame, he cannot take the lead in a movement to obliterate the scandal and menace of divorce in this country, someone else must do it. Otherwise, the end of our existence as a nation is in sight" (The Catholic World, January, 1935, p. 387).

Birth Control

The Catholic position on birth control is as well known as its position on divorce. The Church has been the chief and strongest opponent of the movement, carrying on a noisy, bitter, sometimes violent but losing fight. In his Encyclical "Casti Connubii" in 1930, Pope Pius clearly stated the Catholic position on birth control, addressing himself particularly to America, where the movement had gained considerable headway:

> The Catholic Church, to whom God has entrusted the defense of the integrity and purity of morals, standing erect in the midst of the moral ruin which surrounds her, in order that she may preserve the chastity of the nuptial union from being defiled by this foul stain, raises her voice in token of her divine ambassadorship and through Our Mouth proclaims anew: any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of grave sin.

Bishop, priest and laity have expounded the Pope's doctrine with great vigor. "Race suicide," "pig philosophy," "degeneracy," "stark brutishness" are some of the epithets hurled at advocates of birth control from pulpit and platform. "The Church," said Father James M. Gillis of the Paulist Fathers, "refuses to consider birth control as a problem. It is a plain violation of nature. It is a vice and a crime." The Catholic Daughters of America termed the birth-control movement "immoral," "inhuman," "unsocial" and "un-American." They condemned the resolutions favoring birth control adopted by the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the American Association of University Women as a "direct insult to the rank and file of decent and virtuous women of America."

An article which appeared in The Fort Worth, Texas, Press, by the editor of the woman's department, in June, praising the work of the birth-control clinic in that city and citing some of the deplorable cases under care there, was the occasion for another outburst from the Catholic Daughters. Mrs. Stephen E. Brady, on behalf of her organization, wrote:

> What concerns us more than anything else in the article is the fact that while she overemphasizes the social, economic and eugenic aspects of the problem of the large family she has nothing to say about the moral side of it. . . . Considering the morality of contraception as taught by the Fort Worth Birth Prevention Clinic, we feel obliged to conclude that such practices are first of all decidedly un-Christian and irreligious. The consistent Christian as well as the consistent Jew must line up against artificial birth prevention, since such practice is specifically condemned in Holy Writ as a "detestable thing."

Archbishop John G. Murray of the St. Paul Archdiocese in a pastoral letter read to the congregation warned his flock of 283,000 members that they must sever connections with any organization advocating birth control. He compared these organizations to the Dillinger gang. Both, he said, were organized to commit murder.

In December of 1935 the late Cardinal Hayes took the pulpit in St. Patrick's Cathedral, robed in silk and ermine, and thundered condemnation of the birth-control advocates (social workers, ministers, men and women in civic life as well as persons on relief) who met in Carnegie Hall to discuss the need of birth control for families on relief: "Who are these people who sit in soft garments and offer affront to the poor?" He characterized them as "prophets of decadence." Cardinal Hayes summed up the Church's position on birth control as "one of everlasting loyalty to the law of God as expressed in nature. . . . From the moral standpoint the question is beyond the realm of dispute. For Catholics the case is closed."

The Catholic attitude as expressed in this way by the clergy and lay organizations has helped rather than hindered the movement. Non-Catholics have resented the Church's seeking to inflict its moral code upon them. They have resented the Catholic priesthood, itself celibate, setting up standards of sex relations in marriage for non-Catholics. They have doubted the Church's sincerity in this matter, believing the Church is concerned chiefly with efforts to "outbreed." An instance is reported of a leading Protestant clergyman in a Midwestern town who withheld his support of a proposed birth-control clinic until the Catholic Bishop threatened those who were sponsoring it. In another city, the opposition of a Catholic Bishop, given wide publicity, resulted in almost doubled attendance at the clinic and an increase of Catholic clients from 9 percent in the first year to 17 percent in the second. It is said that Catholic attendance at New York City clinics increased noticeably after Cardinal Hayes's blast.

While Catholic Action was busy assailing the birth-control movement, Catholic communicants, in vast numbers, were practising birth control and abortion. We

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have the frank statement of Reverend John A. O'Brien, author of "Legitimate Birth Control According to Nature's Law," that "even within the Catholic fold the use of contraceptives is much more widespread than most of us are willing to admit. . . . A large proportion, if not the great majority [of Catholics] are probably practising birth control already, salving their conscience with the plea that the Catholic law as understood by them is morally impossible of observance."

Father Joseph Reiner remarked that "no other heresy was more generally, more cleverly, more effectively propagated by men and women in authority than contraception; none affects the Church more directly and more intimately. . . . The advances it has made within a decade are terrifying."

Reports from 135 birth-control clinical centers received by the American Birth Control League in 1937 showed an attendance of 7,737 Catholics. Of the 5,010 patients of the New York Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau who admitted having abortions, 26 percent were Catholics. A nationwide survey of The Ladies' Home Journal in 1938 showed a majority of the Catholic women reached believed in some form of birth control, without specifying whether it should be natural or artificial. More than 42 percent of the Catholics covered in the Fortune magazine survey declared themselves in favor of birth control.

Catholic leaders began to realize a few years ago that they could not prevent Catholics from adopting contraception. They therefore renewed their sanction of the so-called "safe period" or "Rhythm" theory, and sponsored its popularization. While openly condemning the use of contraceptives, the Pope gave his approval to birth control by "natural means":

> Nor are those considered as acting against nature who in the married state use the right in the proper manner although on account of natural reasons either of time or of certain defects new life cannot be brought forth [Encyclical "Casti Connubii"].

This remarkable shift of the Church's position was due to a number of factors. Catholic women, as we have seen, were evolving their own moral precepts in this matter regardless of the Church's dogma. But the force of economic pressure had much to do with the hierarchy's acceptance of the birth-control principle. Relief agencies, private and public, were faced with the problem of taking care of a 50 percent higher birth rate in relief families than in comparable families not on relief.

While in the eyes of the Church the new Rhythm theory does not involve moral turpitude, some of the high officials still oppose the general dissemination of this information for fear of a decline in the Catholic birth rate. Father O'Brien attempts to quiet their fears by pointing out, as any good birth-control advocate might do, that the desire for children among Catholic couples "will not be lessened when it is discovered that children are not, as heretofore imagined, merely the result of blind chance, but that their coming into the world is absolutely determined by their parents."

The most convincing arguments for family limitation and child spacing are to be found in the Rhythm publications. One of the books published in the United States advocating this theory bears the imprimatur of a Cardinal, another the imprimatur of a Bishop, and a third is published with "Ecclesiastical Approbation." These books are widely distributed through the United States mails with Postmaster General Farley's approval, though birth-control literature is still unmailable.

LEO H. LEHMANN

This is the fourth in the series of articles on "The Catholic Church in Politics." – THE EDITORS

For a Modernist Sermon

You'll have an eight-cylinder car in heaven—
Air conditioning—
Indirect lighting—
a tile bathroom and a white porcelain kitchen.

Despite the phenomenal growth of population,
there'll be no traffic problem,
if you would drive out
to the Garden of Eden
for a week-end.

O the celestial sundaes—
all flavors made with the purest chemicals.

No strike—no speed-up—no lay-off—
everybody a coupon-clipper in heaven,
living in peace, on the eternal drudgery
of the damned.
All will be fragrant and quiet in heaven,
like the best real estate in Westchester.
All noise and stench segregated
to the under side of the railroad.
In heaven,
when you want something,
you just fill out an order
and your want is met like magic,
from the Power-plants
Assembly rooms
Factories
Presses
Forges
Mines
Mills
Smelteries
and Blast-Furnaces

of hell.

KENNETH BURKE

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Shoot the Works

Terseness and Accuracy

SEVERAL NEWS REPORTS from Pittsburgh criticized the CIO convention because of a resolution concerning the press and a short speech made in favor of the resolution. I think it might be clarifying to put the precise text of both speech and resolution into this record. Of course both were duly printed in the daily booklet of convention proceedings. And here they are again:

Delegate Watson: As a newspaper man and by delegation of the chairman of the Committee on Press, I beg leave to submit an additional report of that committee in the form of a resolution relating to the press and this convention: Throughout this convention the press generally and certain newspapers especially have striven to portray and actually to create splits among the forces of the CIO. To this end the press has misrepresented the purposes of ordinary debate, has twisted meanings and distorted headlines. In order to show the complete lack of basis for the representations in the press, Be it Resolved: that we here demonstrate by a rising vote that forces of the CIO are solidly united.

A motion was made and seconded to adopt the resolution.

Delegate Broun, American Newspaper Guild: Just two stix. I speak as a delegate from a white-collar union. I want to speak in support of the resolution, but I also want to speak in support of the working press.

If I were covering this convention—I used to be a reporter once myself—I think the proceedings would impel me to say that this is an impressive and stimulating gathering, but I would also raise one loud holler: "Where are the fights which one expects in a labor meeting?"

This isn't up to the best traditions of the American Federation of Labor. In fact it isn't up to the best traditions of the United Mine Workers of America.

Now, as an average delegate here, I am not going to offer to punch or be punched, not at my age, just to help along my friends on the press. But I realize that when there isn't a first-class fight a good reporter has to take even the most slight technical disagreement and try to build it up into the Battle of the Century, and I would do that if I were working down there.

But there is one word I haven't heard on the floor, and I have seen it in a lot of headlines. I blush to admit that I used it myself last night. After a lot of hard, grinding work in a committee I went into a poker game for just half an hour to rest up and pep myself up for the next session of the convention. In the first pot I held three kings. There was some betting between me and another newspaperman, but when I reached for the pot he laid down three aces. Now what did I say? What could I say?

I've seen the headlines and observed the deliberations of the Dies Committee, and so when he grabbed the pot I said, "You dirty Red."

Now recently in the Newspaper Guild I was worried when somebody came to me and said, "Do you realize that you have concealed Republicans in your union?" I thought for a while about having an investigating committee. Then I thought better of it and I said, "It's none of my business. Even Republicans may do very well in a union under proper leadership."

The only test in a union should be, "Is that guy a good union member?" If he is, what do I care if he is a vegetarian.

And so as one newspaperman speaking to others I would like to say that the CIO is united now and forever and that there are honest differences of opinion, but that there is no factionalism, and that "revolt" is just a headline word and is used just as "Red" is often used for some progressive or liberal, because it happens to be so much more convenient for the copy desk.

The resolution was adopted by unanimous rising vote of the convention.

That is the complete record. The speech and the resolution were both hastily run up on the machine and in offering them here your correspondent certainly is not suggesting them as even temporary exhibits of wit or wisdom. There is, of course, a certain amount of clumsy phrasing, but I am just as convinced as ever I was that labor gets a bad deal in the daily press of America. Not all of this should be attributed to the policy of publishers although that does account for a considerable percentage of the total amount of misrepresentation. Newspapers never do very well with subjects which touch themselves. That's an old journalistic custom. Labor does increasingly touch newspapers. Reporters are urged to be objective. The same admonition should be handed back to the publishers.

In some degree labor news is badly reported, on the whole, because many labor leaders are not adept in press conferences. They have a feeling that they are going to get the worst of it in any case and so on many occasions their attitude has been as far as reporters are concerned, "Tell 'em nothing." I don't think this is a useful attitude although I must admit that there are and have been many situations in which certain papers will take anything a trade unionist says and use it against him. But I think that one of the greatest talents of John L. Lewis is a capacity to understand the working press and make the working press understand him. He gets a very bad press from editorial writers but, when all factors are considered, a surprisingly large amount of fair treatment from reporters, because they know him.

In Pittsburgh, for instance, I didn't hear anybody at the press table take a crack at Lewis. I was the one who got the rap for having tactlessly strained press relations. But I think it is worth noting that the CIO did arrange a press dinner which was turned into a sort of open house for criticism on the part of the working press. By unanimous vote it was ruled that the discussion should be off the record and that pledge was kept by everybody except the correspondent for The Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph. I don't think that too much attention need be paid to the reporter who seeks a platform from which he can say, "My employer has never told me to write anything except the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Our paper is not touched in its news columns by any office policies whatsoever." There are a great many papers in America where I have never worked as yet and so I couldn't say from first-hand knowledge that such one-hundred-percent impartiality is wholly nonexistent. But even if it does prevail, any protestant

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of peculiar virtue on the part of his own employer does run the risk of being set down as one practising what is vulgarly known among newspapermen as "currying favor."

It may be that I am partisan in seeming to suggest that American newspapers err particularly in building up every labor fight into a straight contest between the "left" and the "right." I have seen this done in regard to reports on other gatherings. Differences are complex and very often arise from a clash in personalities rather than principles. I still hold to my opinion that headline treatment suggested CIO splits which did not exist. I say sincerely that there was no "left" and "right" battle. HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

Nazidom at Lima

HITLER, and how to fight him, continues to be the most discussed subject within the administration. It can be imagined that Hitler's droopy hair and pinched-up mustache will hover in the dreams of Secretary Hull and his fellow delegates on their long trip southward to the Pan American conference at Lima, Peru. But while the administration members agree about Hitler's noxiousness, they seemingly differ on how to keep him out of this hemisphere.

Briefly, the majority of the administration wants to take active measures to "protect" the Latin American nations against Hitler; a minority advises against it. There is a great deal of talk, just now, about the possibility of an open invasion of Latin America by Germany. As previously reported in these Notes, military experts say that this is close to fantasy. White House advisers aren't altogether sure. They feel we should prepare for the worst.

Nevertheless, when Mr. Roosevelt and Assistant Secretary of State Adolph A. Berle Jr. talk about defending the hemisphere, it is apparent that they are thinking primarily about an invasion after the fashion of the Italo-German intervention in Spain, or Germany's intervention in Austria and Czechoslovakia. In their minds—as nearly as I can discover—is the picture of a Latin American country where a local Nazi party, nurtured by German funds, has provoked a civil war, and where the Nazi faction would be supported by munitions, technical experts and troops.

The military experts with whom the writer has consulted doubt whether German intervention of this sort is any more likely than an outright, full-dress attack. The problem has been discussed among them at length. They emphasize that the military and diplomatic situation in this hemisphere is utterly different from that in Europe. In the case of Spain, the British fleet might conceivably have prevented munitions, troops—everything but airplanes—from reaching General Franco if the Chamberlain government had been willing to give the command. But the British didn't dare act, or perhaps didn't want to act. In the case of Austria and Czechoslovakia, there were no easy military measures that England and France could have taken—possibly nothing short of a general war.

In Latin America, on the other hand, the United States would have the will to act, and the military means with which to make its will effective. If a revolution were to break out in a Latin American nation, and Hitler were to send thither cargo ships loaded with men and war material under the convoy of a cruiser or two—like Mussolini's military ferries to Spain—the expedition could be turned back by a relatively modest detail from the United States fleet. From a naval standpoint, it would be merely an unexciting chore—so easy a job that military experts do not believe Hitler would ever undertake intervention of this sort.

The chief problem that would arise would be legal. By what authority could the United States patrol the coasts of a sovereign, if warring, Latin American nation? The Monroe Doctrine, it is true, is elastic enough to cover many things, but it would be infinitely preferable if a non-intervention committee that meant business could be set up by all the American republics to sanction a blockade. Mr. Hull may possibly try to arrange something of this kind at Lima.

The administration advisers who are opposed to active measures against Hitler include many of our Latin American specialists. They have a different set of fears, and quite another policy. What they are afraid of is not Hitler's open or secret aggression, but the tendency of Latin American countries more or less spontaneously to go Nazi. This may happen, they said, with scarcely more than a wink or nod from Hitler. They emphasize that it did happen only a few months ago in Brazil, where President Vargas has formally junked democratic ideals and methods. They remind us that dictators and totalitarianism existed in Latin America before Hitler was even a house painter.

How is the United States to prevent the gladsome adoption of Nazi philosophy? The specialists say that our best policy is to do absolutely nothing. In their judgment, the notion of their opponents within the administration, and of Mr. Roosevelt himself, that the Latin American countries wish to be "protected" against Hitler is a delusion. The truth is that they don't. Their basic diplomatic position is precisely that of small European countries like Belgium and Holland. Their independence rests on becoming neither the enemies, nor the too-close friends, of the big powers, among which is the United States. Their diplomatic job is to try to play off the big powers—the United States, England, Germany and Italy—one against the other.

Brazil, the specialists say, illustrates this perfectly. Vargas was pro-Nazi and pro-Fascist until Hitler's government, believing that Brazil had become a client-country, attempted to put pressure on him. Promptly Vargas switched about, became the great friend of the United States and started throwing Nazis in jail. Partly this was due to the extreme astuteness of his Foreign Minister, Señor Oswaldo Aranha, but even more it was the instinctive reaction of a Latin American statesman in a difficult situation. If now Mr. Roosevelt should try to "protect" Brazil, the United States would be denounced as the colossus of the North, and Vargas would exchange autographed photographs with Hitler.

A still better example is Mexico. The only real weapon that President Cárdenas has had in his oil-expropriation campaign has been the support he has received from Germany and Japan. Until the recent land-annuity agreement, our State Department has constantly feared that he would conclude a political understanding with Germany. Cárdenas has played off Hitler against Hull with vast skill. In the last

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few days, one of Mexico City's chief newspapers, Excelsior, has discussed with considerable frankness the art of juggling European countries and the United States. Anyone who thinks that Cárdenas wants to be "protected" against the Nazi menace is either foolish, or an employee of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

One of the commissions into which the Lima delegates will be divided will deal solely with the infinite subject of women. Its duty will be to consider the report of the Inter-American Commission of Women, a permanent juridical body created ten years ago by the Havana conference, on which sits a woman from each American republic. The chairman is the United States feminist, Miss Doris Stevens. This body advises successive conferences on the extension of political and civil rights to the women of the hemisphere. Five years ago at Montevideo, the conference adopted a treaty guaranteeing women equality in their nationality rights, which was signed by nineteen republics. This was the first time in history that women's rights were extended by international action. Doctrines of individual liberty, whether for men or women, now seem everywhere to be questioned, but if anything can make the world a tolerable place to live in, it is such endeavors as this.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Private Investment Dries Up

WHATEVER ONE MAY SAY, whatever one might like to think, the grim fact faces us that private investment in this country is drying up. Incidentally, that is a fact true in varying degrees of many other countries.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any economist of whatever school that the capitalist system cannot function without a more or less continuous and even rhythmic flow of new investment. If new investment stops, the capitalist system stops. It stops unless some other force moves in to take its place. Of course here it has been the government which has had to move in. But as the years have worn along slowly, private investment has not only resisted all coaxing but has been steadily dwindling until at the present moment, in almost all its forms, it is slowly dying off.

The economic seriousness of this cannot be dodged. And neither can we dodge its political seriousness. Indeed it cannot be dodged in any country. In Germany, for instance, private capital investment has been slowly disappearing. This is of course natural. The German might conceivably surrender to the interminable regulations which govern his business and his behavior at every turn; but he cannot possibly fail to react to the disappearance of profit. It is not true that the enterprisers in the Reich are not making profits —profits larger than in many years. But the profits do them little good, for they are promptly pounced upon by the tax collector. To risk what he manages to salvage from the tax authorities for a profit which, after it in turn is taxed, will leave him a very small return, would be uneconomic behavior of the most glaring sort. There is no kind of investment open to him, therefore, and there is no course open to the government either except to force his savings into government bonds and notes. And as private investment dries up, the government must move in. In Germany it moves in to take over many great capital industries and to support with government funds derived from drastic taxes and equally drastic borrowing the great armament industries which keep the Reich employed to the hilt. The end of this must be the gradual disappearance of all private investment and the bankruptcy of the capitalist system. So that what Germany will have will be a privately controlled collectivism that is neither capitalism, socialism nor syndicalism, but an impossible mixture of all three.

In this country, whatever the cause, this phenomenon of the drying up of new investment will probably express itself in a reactionary swing. As investment slows up, as opportunities for investment seem to retreat, as existing business enterprises shrink not only their expansions but their replacements, the spread of a feeling of feebleness in the system will become noticeable. And when this becomes sufficiently noticeable we may look for an upsurge of conservative virulence. The conservative is a very violent fellow when his property, his profits, his profit opportunities are seriously menaced. And they are menaced now.

It begins to look as if practical-minded men must come around to discussing a practical problem—how is the government to go about taking over the railroads? I suggest this because no one is thinking, seemingly, about any other means of solving that incredible snarl. The railroads have been moving toward financial and physical disintegration for the last six years and in that time the government in Washington has done absolutely nothing about it. In only one spot has the subject been considered—that is in the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce where Senator Wheeler and the Committee's counsel, Max Lowenthal, have been patiently trying to get at the bottom of the railroads' impossible capital organization. But Senator Wheeler is not in the confidence of the White House and so that enterprise has had to skate along as best it could. Meantime no one seems to have any plan for these debt-ridden and debt-paralyzed railroads save to plunge them farther into debt, while government and every other agency seek to preserve the worthless common stocks which, in most cases, have no value save as instruments for holding ownership of the roads and the power of exploiting them.

Apparently nothing is going to be done, and if anything is done it will be to pump some more government money into them to keep them alive for a year or two more. So in the end there will be no real help until the roads are in such desperate straits that they will beg to be taken over.

Then the stockholders and bondholders will cook up a merry little scheme to have the government buy the worthless stocks and the bonds, which will be worth a good deal less than now, at fancy prices.

Since the government is going to have to face this problem it is just a plain fool if it spends any more of the people's money to preserve fictitious and artificial values in railroad securities, inasmuch as the money thus spent will be followed by more billions when it comes to pay for the junk.

There is a suggestion going the rounds now that the RFC should go into the market and buy up at low prices the secu-

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rities floating about. Of course many of these securities are absolutely worthless and besides, the idea is to have the RFC do it for the benefit of the roads.

The liberal groups who favor government ownership of the railroads had better sit down with the intricate financial problem of acquiring these roads now. They have been talking about government ownership for a long time. The time to translate that talk into action is getting near.

To buy the roads in the present position and at a huge price would start government ownership off with a black eye to begin with and load that experiment with a collection of handicaps from which it could not hope to survive. But as government ownership seems imminent, there is no escaping the problem of how it is to be effected.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Hearken Ye Mortals

I HAVE ALREADY in my last article said enough about the second and third sections of the new volume whose cover reads "The American Theatre in Pictures and in Prose, by John Anderson," and whose title-page, "The American Theatre, by John Anderson and The Motion Picture in America, by René Fülöp-Miller." Since neither of these describes the contents of the book—Mr. Anderson's account does not include the pictures, nor the title-page mention them—we may as well pass on. The four hundred or more pictures are unequal in importance, ranging as they do from summits to trash; they come short of being up to date by six or seven years; and they are rather arbitrarily arranged. The account of the motion pictures is inconsequential, to say the least. We are free, then, to consider that first section of the book, as complete in itself and intact.

Mr. Anderson's contribution runs to something like 30,000 words but—though the author himself does so—to speak of it as sketch would be misleading for most people, who allow a certain shrinkage for that term; and to call it an outline is not possible, its content is too steadily and solidly filled in for that. It would be well for those truly interested to turn at this point to Voltaire's "Essai sur les Moeurs," when his friend Mme. du Chatelet, whose gifts were for philosophy and mathematics, spoke to him of her distaste for modern histories, with their confusion, eventful minutiae and so on, a study that overwhelmed her mind without illuminating it. Voltaire's reply was that if a history were written in which the details, et cetera, that obscured the grand tendencies had been shorn away, so that a general and well arranged picture could be made of the significant factors, Mme. du Chatelet would find that worth her time. Everything recorded should lead, he said, to something else; details which lead to nothing are in history what baggage is to an army, impedimenta.

This is not to say that Voltaire despised the offices of the annalists and the makers of encyclopedias, or that anybody should; or that we should undervalue divers books on the theatre that are voluminously furnished forth with minute recordings, objectively presented, or even such works as are without any basic understanding, coherence or general summation but yet are storehouses or mines of information. It is only to say that Mr. Anderson's account of the theatre must be set down as history. Not only that, it is to my mind one of the soundest and one of the most consistent histories that our theatre has achieved.

I say achieved, because this book has above everything one quality that is very rare in books on the theatre—or for that matter on any art—which is that it gives us the sense of an understanding from inside the art. One of the first things an artist notices about most books, however admirable in general they may be, on art is that they speak as outsiders. On the other hand, most books on art written by artists from the inside, lack an ordering scale, a regulating mind, or view, for the whole. In this respect, then, this book proceeds so inevitably and with such simple and elusive authenticity, from the theatre outward, that the theatre may be said to have achieved it.

The book's intentions are defined in the preface; the limits there set explain the omissions. It is strictly a study of the American theatre in its relation to the drama, and in its later portions an examination of the theatre through the work of the men writing plays for it.

In the first chapter—"Colonial Birth Pains"—the line of the theatre's existence is admirably done, the proportion of the space assigned to the names, places, influences, illustrative data that are introduced is admirable. We follow the story from the earliest records on to the rise of the fatal middleman, the booking agency. With his office under his hat, this parasite emerged in the theatre and presently, by sheer expediency, came to dominate it. And so the crux of the matter was that "the theatre, as a local institution, became not a theatre so much as an investment in real estate which had to yield its utmost in income. . . . The men who had no interest, either as landlords or artists, quietly but firmly seized control of the theatre. . . . When the local managers became mere branch executives for a central booking office in New York the syndicate was supreme." By the most approved methods of Big Business, the theatre calmly, and for the most selfish reasons, surrendered and thus choked itself to death. We see then the Shuberts setting out to challenge the Erlanger syndicate, the disastrous upshot of the struggle, the country overbuilt with rival theatres, and the mere fact that art as well as business was involved lost sight of.

And then, just as the country was sick of Broadway and the third-rate palmed off on them, the whole matter passed out of the combatants' hands. The movies and the World War knocked the American theatre, in a territorial sense, into the dustbin. The railroads finished the death of the theatre on the road, presently the actors struck, the unions appeared. And presently we have every branch of the theatre unionized, the playwrights included; and most of it confined to Manhattan. The final conclusion is that the theatre, stripped of its cheapness, jingoism, claptrap, a commercial ruin, seems ready now to accept its responsibility and to speak, when it finds the voice of a dramatist, with the authority, the insight and the brilliance of the most eloquent art—its rightful position.

Chapter II deals with the American theatre as apprentice: 1800, the turn of the century, the earlier decades, when, as Mr. Moses remarks in his study of American dramatists, "the palmy days of acting were the trashy days of drama," when the theatre was awake critically before it was creatively.

We pass then, through the third and final chapter, into

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the maturity of the American theatre, and here the estimates of the conditions, the actors and the dramatists—with Eugene O'Neill at the head—the position of the public in this enterprise run by the managers, the Federal Theatre, and so on, seem to me, so far as I know the subject, well taken and well graded as within the whole scheme. I find myself in agreement with most of Mr. Anderson's estimates, though there is not space here to go into that discussion. In the course of all this, it seems to me that his signal and very impressive success lies in the fact that he is able to speak practically and sensibly without one breakdown into far-fetched theory or silly positing, and yet at the same time to leave the way open for immanent and profound significances, for the extension of content through abstractions, and for intangible but undeniable meanings and implications.

I certainly agree with his concluding idea for this account of our theatre: that one thing to be noted about most of its writing talent is that it is, and has always tended to be, journalistic. There is the effect of too much material that is second-hand, out of the stuff of the newspaper, instead of out of the stuff of life. The plays take on, as compensation, some of journalism's immediacy and vividness, but they run the newspaper's risk of the next-day deadness. The movie and the radio, the theatre's competitors, both journalistic, encourage the theatre in this course. Our leading playwrights, with a few exceptions, lack detachment, their work is too close to the front page. The drama needs no such newsiness. It speaks not of what has happened but of what is happening before your eyes. That is its greatness, its special genius.

STARK YOUNG

Five Sonnets from China

The Ship

The streets are brightly lit; our city is kept clean.
The third class have the greasiest cards, the first play high;
The beggars sleeping in the bows have never seen
The stateroom where they drink champagne; no one asks why.
Lovers are writing letters, sportsmen playing ball;
One doubts the honor, one the beauty of his wife;
A boy's ambition; perhaps the captain hates us all;
Someone, perhaps, is leading the civilized life.

It is our culture that with such calm progresses
Over the barren plains of a sea: somewhere ahead
The septic East, a war, new flowers and new dresses.
Somewhere a strange and shrewd tomorrow goes to bed
Planning the test for men from Europe: no one guesses
Who will be most ashamed, who richer, and who dead.

Press Conference

Officials are always glad to give you information:
We smoke their cigarettes and wonder what they cost;
We're among friends, and warm; tea keeps away the frost;
The dead are news, and news a social occupation.
Oh lies are sometimes noble but each glib evasion
Seems only to confirm the Yellow River crossed;
And there are truths too gross for cakes and explanation,
Teruel fallen, gay Austria in a week-end lost.
Are there the truly human, or the just, or strong?
Not in this room, this world. Our small star warms to birth
Lives that will never grow. Snow whirls down from the North;
The quick new West is false; and prodigious but wrong
This passive flowerlike people who for so long
In the Eighteen Provinces have constructed the earth.

Exiles

Man does not die and never is completed;
The daring and the chatter will go on:
But, as an artist feels his goodness gone,
These walk the earth and knew themselves defeated.
Some could bear nor break the young, and mourn for
The wounded myths that once made nations good;
Some lost a world they never understood;
Some saw too clearly all that man was born for.

Less is their shadow wife; anxiety
Receives them like a grand hotel, but where
They may regret, they must; their life, to hear
The call of the forbidden cities, see
The stranger watch them with a happy stare,
And freedom hostile in each home and tree.

Air Raid

Our rays investigate the throbbing sky
Till, suddenly, within that brilliant field,
Alone and bad, their bombers are revealed,
The dread bacillus all identify,
The little natures that can make us cry:
Some sad request has sent them to do ill
Who are not sad, but execute the will
Of the intelligent and evil till they die.

Yet not in us the clear unerring blood:
Our fit breed germs, our greatest are not free.
Defective and remote in history
Our average, our talent and our good.
The cured years and the well are yet to be;
Happy their wish and mild to flower and flood.

Chinese Soldier

Far from the heart of culture he was used:
Abandoned by his general and his lice,
Under a padded quilt he closed his eyes
And vanished. He will not be introduced
When this campaign is tidied into books;
No vital knowledge perished in his skull;
His jokes were stale; like wartime, he was dull;
His name is lost for ever like his looks.

Professors of Europe, hostess, citizen,
Respect this boy. Unknown to your reporters
He turned to dust in China that your daughters
Be fit to love the earth and not again
Disgraced before the dogs; that where are waters,
Mountains and houses, may be also men.

W. H. AUDEN

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The Bandwagon

Japan is not fired with the idea of extending its borders at the expense of other nations but is merely wrestling with the serious problem of establishing "a proper material and spiritual standard," according to Rev. Hugo Lasalle, superior of the Jesuits in Japan. – *From a news item in The Montreal Gazette.*

"What are you going to do about the Jews?" If you don't kill them—and that is ruled out by civilized ideals—then you must let them live and find a means of livelihood. Be reasonable in your anti-Semitism! Have a quota for this or that profession. Do not close all avenues of trade and business. Give these Jews a chance of keeping body and soul together. Be magnanimous and civilized. – *"Across the Frontiers" (pp. 256-7), by Philip Gibbs.*

New York is Tenderloin Town. Thomas Dewey as prosecutor and as candidate for Governor had produced overwhelming evidence that his opponents were allied with crime, corruption and communism. Accordingly, the voters of Tenderloin Town piled up a majority of 675,000 votes in the city against Mr. Dewey. Upstate whittled the majority to less than 70,000 but couldn't quite succeed in overcoming the instinctive prejudice of the New Yorkers against honor, decency and a respect for American institutions. – *From an editorial in The Chicago Tribune.*

Danger: Men at Work

Have you the *audacity* to flaunt this daring *odeur?* With *Danger*, you proceed at your own risk, warned . . . and warning! *Danger* is a perfume whose spirit is emotionally courageous, disarmingly frank. Be woman enough to wear it—be man enough to give it, and face the consequences! *Danger* is not for the timid. $27.50 in a distinctive crystal-black bottle. – *From an advertisement of Rich's department store, Atlanta, printed in The Atlanta, Ga., Journal.*

Fundaments of Communism Laid Bare

An alarming diaper shortage in Soviet Russia was revealed today by the newspaper Izvestia. . . . Izvestia criticized as "insulting and bureaucratic" an attempt to organize diaper distribution on the basis of a census to be taken of all women expecting babies within a month. – *Associated Press dispatch from Moscow published in The New York World-Telegram.*

Scudding Under Bare Quills?

Feathers were everywhere—on the tea tables great bunches of bright colored plumes tied with cerise velvet. Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Charles Goodspeed and Mrs. Charles Chadwick were "fine-feathered" ladies: Mrs. Palmer with a rose breastfeather sailor edged in black osprey; Mrs. Chadwick with a fuchsia chapeau banded in purple breastfeathers, and Mrs. Goodspeed with vari-colored ostrich tips on her pill-box. Mrs. Harold McCormick, with stick-up quills on her brown pancake, told us she and Mr. McCormick are flying off to their new home in Beverly Hills. – *From a news item in The Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

A Communication

An Open Letter to William Allen White

SIR: . . . I am not going to try to discuss Russia with you. You have been there, and I have not. I wish to talk about the United States of America, and the picture you draw "of a summer afternoon on the front porch of a middle-class country-town home in the Middle West. An avenue of elm trees, one of a dozen or so of such avenues in town, arches across the bluegrass lawns. And in the town twelve thousand people are at work making what is commonly termed a good living." Every one of your 12,000 neighbors will have meat for dinner, you tell us; and as for the five or six hundred unemployed: "Their economic misfortunes are not branded by their clothes. Their houses do not brand them with poverty." Then two most amazing sentences: "Probably in the United States 110 or 115 million of our people are living about as our 12,000 are living. Our American experiment has succeeded in bringing comfort, some luxuries, to probably 85, certainly 80, percent of the American people."

You are the publisher and editor of a daily newspaper widely known throughout the land. Has it entirely escaped your attention that the government of your country appointed a National Resources Committee composed of a number of Cabinet members, economists and liberal business men, to make a study of the division of income in the United States; and that only about two weeks ago this committee issued what it calls "the most complete picture ever presented" of that situation? The figures were compiled by nationwide sampling through the Bureaus of Home Economics and of Labor Statistics. In the course of a year some 300,000 families in 30 states were questioned. What the investigators found was that some $60,000,000,000 of national income had to be divided among 41,000,000 family units and individuals. It appears that 32 percent have incomes under $750, 47 percent under $1,000, and 69 percent under $1,500.

Didn't you read about this report? Didn't your paper publish anything about it? Or will you really maintain that a family anywhere in the United States can have "comfort, some luxuries," upon an income of $750 a year? If it cannot, that reduces your "probably 85, certainly 80, percent of the American people," to 68 percent. Will you say that a family can have "comfort, some luxuries," on less than $1,000 a year? If not, that reduces your "probably 85, certainly 80, percent" to 53 percent. If you claim that $1,500 is enough, the reduction is brought to 31 percent of the American people. . . .

The other day I interested myself to figure what my

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wife and I spend upon our personal needs, as distinguished from what I spend upon the production and circulation of books and pamphlets and other forms of publicity. . . . Our personal expenses are about as low as we can keep them, and they come close to $2,000 a year. Suppose we had two or three children, could we have "comfort, some luxuries," on that sum? Surely not; and so I say that less than 25 percent of the American people enjoy what you claim for "probably 85, certainly 80, percent."

And upon what terms do the 25 percent have it today? Solely under the condition that the financial credit of the United States government is placed under their industrial system to keep it from falling flat in the dust. You explain that Emporia is a railroad town. Well, the railroads of the United States are bankrupt today, and only government lending is keeping them running. All towns in farming country are parasitic upon agriculture; and the agriculture of your state of Kansas is kept going by government subsidies and by nothing else. The day that government borrowing and spending ceases, "comfort, some luxuries" cease for most of that lucky 25 percent who have blue-grass lawns and elm-tree shade in the hot summers of America.

You talk about "madness" in other parts of the world, and how fortunate we are to have escaped it at home. And right there in your own state of Kansas is one of the centers of the political "madness" which is spreading all over the land! The same mail which brought me your article brought me a four-page leaflet from the Reverend Gerald B. Winrod, who tried to get the Republican nomination for Governor of Kansas a month or so ago. Four closely printed pages of concentrated hate and fury, with all the poisonous lies of the Nazi regime, including the Jew-baiting; the discovery that a Harvard law professor named Frankfurter is the author of all the hated measures of the New Deal; the discovery that Lenin was a Jew and had a Jew name! Winrod got 50,000 citizens of Kansas to vote for him, but he didn't get the nomination, and so presumably you feel safe. Exactly so men felt in Germany, after several elections in which Hitler received a great many votes, but not enough.

The dreadful infection is spreading all over the country today. Here in California we have other centers of it, and every now and then leaflets are showered down from the tops of office buildings in Los Angeles—one of them with a picture of a human creature like a gorilla carrying off a beautiful Hollywood maiden, and the inscription, "Do you want your sister raped by a Jew?"

Haven't you heard about all this? Perhaps you won't know about it—until the Winrod black shirts storm into your house and take a mild and benevolent liberal to a concentration camp. Even then you won't know what it means; because you simply cannot bring yourself to face the fact that the capitalist system is collapsing. The great mass of our people are tormented by poverty and fear, and are becoming more and more dependent on doles, which put them at the mercy of political machines which handle the doles in every state. There is no sign that those in control of our government have any idea of a rational way to reorganize industry and produce and distribute goods; and so the people fall victim to subsidized demagogues whose propaganda, now perfected and triumphant, is being shipped out from Hitler Germany like packages of anthrax, cholera and bubonic-plague bacilli.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

SIR: You can't get a quarrel out of Upton Sinclair and me. He has done too much good in his long life for his country and for the world for me to make faces at him.

I happen to know a dozen or twenty families in this town with a cash income of a thousand dollars and other resources who are sending from one to three children through high school and college and having meat for dinner once a day and milk for the babies. They have a car, a phone, electricity and a radio. That $1,000 income is too low and it is shameful. It should be better. But in either of these low-income groups, outside of the South where the problem is somewhat social and not entirely economic, our American standard of living for the $750 group or the $1,000 group is higher than the average standard in Russia, Germany or Italy but not so good as in Scandinavia. The underprivileged in these two American groups have the royal American right to kick and as the decades go by their kick helps. Actual living standards for the 80 percent even in this ungodly depression are not sinking heavily and the per-capita distribution of radios, automobiles, washing machines, users of electricity (oh, yes, I'm glad about the TVA) and housing conditions (north of the Mason-Dixon Line) has slightly risen. Standards should improve faster. But they will improve more under a democracy, fumbling and grafting as it is, than they will improve under either kind of a tyranny. For graft and inefficiency are not peculiar to capitalism. They shoot the grafters in Russia!

As for Winrod, bad as he is, he is no new symptom in a democracy or anywhere else. But at that he is better than the OGPU, Hitler or Huey Long or "thirty every Thursday" and the screwballs of other times and states and peoples. Winrod is no more a symptom of the decadence of capitalism than Peter the Hermit or Herod was, or any of the various American messiahs of the nineties or the loco focos or Matt Quay and Frank Hague. The poor we shall have with us and the nuts we shall have with us always and they have very little relation to one another. And I am for getting rid of them both—the poor by the evolutionary processes of progress under democracy, a slow business but fairly sure. And as for the nuts, on the whole they are good for us. Seeing them we learn the blessings of sanity and to distinguish the same. And finally mine "is a truth that never can be proved" and so alas is yours, Upton. But let's both thank God for our fighting faith.

Emporia, Kan. W. A. WHITE

In addition to Upton Sinclair's letter we have received a number of other communications replying to or commenting on Mr. White's article. Gail S. Rand of New York City complains about misstatements of fact. Like Mr. Sinclair, he disputes the argument that 80 percent of the American people have comfort and some luxuries. He regards the percentage of Emporians on relief as "strangely disproportionate" to the relief figures for the whole country. Lyle Cooper of Washington, D. C., who spent his boyhood in Emporia, writes that he remembers a much more serious "seamy side" to the city than Mr. White indicates. —THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

The Church in Politics

SIR: I have read Dr. Lehmann's first article on the "Catholic Church in Politics" [The New Republic, November 16]. I am worried about it. I should think it is far less than objective. No one who has looked into the records of the fight against Frank Hague could have failed to note with great interest the energy, integrity and devotion of The Catholic Worker in behalf of the Bill of Rights and against Frank Hague. The names of Tim O'Brien, Joseph Zarrella and William Callahan appeared throughout the story of the battle to date. They testified; their leaflets were confiscated; they led the only group that distributed anti-Hague leaflets on the night that Hague filled Journal Square with his henchmen to prevent speakers. Callahan testified that he was denied a permit to speak. Members of The Catholic Worker have spoken at many anti-Hague rallies. There were other Catholic individuals who stood up valiantly for democracy.

I just do not like biased reporting. Might I suggest that having engaged in some of the battles against the position of the Catholic Church in respect to birth control, censorship of books, etc., I trust you will examine with scrutiny any further articles that may deal with such subjects.

New York City MORRIS ERNST

The Case for the Arabs

SIR: There has recently been a large number of protests and declarations by Christians in America on behalf of the Zionist aim of further considerable immigration into Palestine. We do not think that any Christian, or indeed any fair-minded Jew, would sign such statements if he knew what an injustice he were supporting, or if he had ever even heard the Arab point of view expressed. The Palestinian Arab sees his homeland invaded, and cannot understand the difference between that and the conquest of Ethiopia or the attack on China: he would almost prefer the fate of those countries, for at least they are not being settled by Italians or Japanese in mass. He hears of the sympathy shown by Americans to the Jews of the world in their plight; in many cases he shares it; yet he cannot understand why his small country should be called upon to absorb a greater influx of Jewish immigrants since the War than the whole of the United States with its vast area and population. There is no parallel in modern times to such a mass immigration not freely determined, as the immigration policy of this country is freely determined by the American people, but based upon force against the will of the original inhabitants. And there is no parallel to the Zionist claim that because the Jews lived in Palestine many centuries ago therefore they have a "historical" right to return there like absentee landlords.

Appeals are being constantly made to the Balfour Declaration as though the question for the British government were a simple one of keeping its bond or repudiating it. About this let us say four things: in the first place promises were made to the Arabs too; second, no Declaration can take away the right of a people to independence in its homeland; third, even if there were any question of repudiating the Declaration, we think that this would be preferable to continuing an unjust policy; fourth, it is fair to regard the Jewish national home as having now been established, so that the obligations of the Balfour Declaration may be considered as already fulfilled.

It has been represented in the press that Palestine is the chief refuge of the stricken Jews of Central Europe: yet of the millions of Jews there afflicted, only a few thousands can possibly enter Palestine. Palestine cannot solve the Jewish problem; it has merely raised an Arab problem, which, we assure you, will come increasingly to the fore as the Arabs of the surrounding countries—Egypt, Syria, Iraq and Arabia—make it their own concern. If it is true that Palestine is no larger than Vermont, it would be interesting to know what would be the reaction of the citizens of that state if several hundred thousand Jews had settled there since the War. We have no prejudice against Jews, but we realize that there are certain natural feelings which arise in any people when they see their country invaded by large numbers of any other people. Why does not this country, with its vast spaces and its sympathy for the Jews, take them in? The trouble has been that the Arabs of Palestine have been regarded, not as people, but as "natives," and that is an insult which they cannot bear. We think that if American citizens would consult their own feelings on the subject of mass immigration of Jews (or any other nation) into this very much larger country, the United States, *with the purpose of setting up a national State within its borders*, they would think differently about Palestine; and if they would take the trouble to inform themselves on both sides of the question, they would not sign declarations which can only embarrass the British government and help to perpetuate an injustice to another nation.

Princeton, N. J. GEORGE F. HOURANI, NABIH A. FARIS

The Church and Reaction

SIR: Commenting on Mr. George Seldes' article, "Catholics and Fascists," in The New Republic of November 9, it should be said that the Dominican organ, Sept, was not suppressed by the Dominicans themselves but by the Vatican. It has been succeeded by another Catholic weekly, Temps Présent, of which M. Stanislaus Fumet is general editor.

No liberal thinker is surprised at the present alliance of Catholics and Fascists. Any student of history knows that the Catholic hierarchy has always sided with reaction. The founder of the Socialist Marxist Party in France, Jules Guesde, never neglected an opportunity of declaring that the Catholic Church was the sworn enemy of the working class and that Catholicism must first be crushed before Capitalism can fall. It is well to call the attention of the Communists, who look for coöperation with the Catholics, to the teaching of this father of modern socialism, who was not only a militant journalist, a brilliant orator, but also a philosopher and poet.

New York City CRITICUS

What About Yeats?

SIR: A rebuttal to the letter of Mr. Delmore Schwartz *in re* l'affaire Cowley-Yeats (The New Republic, October 12) would seem to be in order.

Mr. Cowley has been taken to task for "repeatedly concerning himself (Sancta Simplicitas!) with that most foolish of questions, what makes a great writer"! We may assume then that our captious critic does not; and from his ensuing batch of misstatements we find that we are not to be disappointed. In the words of Mr. Schwartz's fellow townsman, let's take a look at the record.

1. "Mr. Yeats's subject is his cosmological system as exemplified in personal experience." Not so. Yeats's subject is

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his *personal experience* as exemplified in his cosmological system, and there is a vast difference. If the poet may properly be said to have a "cosmological system," it is but the Poetic Mask, designed to give structure, an objective correlative to the poet's emotional experience.

2. "There are few political figures in the Autobiographies." What! Parnell, Taylor, Maude Gonne, James Connolly, Gaven Duffy and the Fenians, Padraic Pearce?

3. "Yeats is studied in England and America . . . not by the Irish masses." Every billiard-marker in Dublin knows the story of his "Cathleen ni Houlihan."

4. And now we come to "the most objective test of all." Only three, and not "fifteen years elapse between Yeats's . . . participation in politics and the first signs of his later style." Yeats was active in Irish politics until the riots over Synge's "Playboy" in 1907. We find the "mature style" in "The Green Helmet"—1910. Furthermore, Mr. Yeats reëntered politics, was a member of the Irish Senate for six years in the 1920's, the very period when, according to Mr. Schwartz's own reckoning "Yeats was a good poet" (*i. e.*, fifteen years after 1907.).

5. Our critic interprets Yeats's dislike of Sansculottism, British Whiggery and democratic Bonhomie as "reactionary." Item: See Jonathan Swift, or, perhaps, as Mr. Schwartz seems to prefer—Karl Marx.

Cambridge, Mass. JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Mr. Maury Protests

SIR: *Error:* "The American Newspaper Guild has proposed to the President that he appoint a fact-finding commission to tell Americans what the labor situation in this country really is." (The New Republic lead article, issue of October 19, 1938).

Fact: This proposal was made to the President by Mr. Heywood Broun, president of the American Newspaper Guild. Mr. Broun did not poll the Guild rank and file beforehand for authority to suggest this move to the President; nor has he at this writing polled the rank and file for ratification of his action. Hence Mr. Broun, not the Guild, made this proposal.

I should appreciate your printing this in the interests of the Guild members who (1) don't like to have the Guild made to look like one of Mr. John L. Lewis' Charlie McCarthys, and who (2) are passing weary of the whole Green-Lewis feud anyway, and would like to see both of these gentlemen dry up and blow away.

New York City REUBEN MAURY

Commonwealth Needs Help

SIR: For fifteen years, Commonwealth College, Southern resident labor school near Mena, Arkansas, has been conducting a realistic program of workers' education. Operating on a semi-coöperative basis whereby the school does as much as possible for itself, it is imperative that Commonwealth have additional support in order to meet the growing needs and demands of workers and farmers for effective union training.

Southern unions, especially in the agricultural field, are for the most part as poor as Commonwealth and are not in a position to render financial support to an educational program. But industrial and agricultural workers must be educated for intelligent unionism if they are to resist the reactionary forces at work in this section. This drive of reaction is directed against the country as a whole and vitally affects the economic standards and political freedom of the entire nation.

Commonwealth is therefore appealing for the support and coöperation of all those who recognize the importance of educating for progress in the South. Contributions should be sent immediately to me at Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas.

Mena, Ark. DONALD G. KOBLER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Ralph Todd of Quebec, Canada, disagrees with our editorial, "Should We Help Britain to Rearm?" in the November 23 issue. He has observed "a growing restiveness" in England under the lash of criticisms by Americans upon the score of British cowardice and hypocrisy. He feels that the immoderate "left-wing propaganda on this continent," embracing peoples and governments alike in its glib condemnation, is serving to sever the democracies. . . . Paul Binkman Jr., of Portland, Oregon, suggests that while we are busy criticizing Germany for her persecution of the Jews, we remember our own discrimination and savagery against numbers of the Negro race. . . . Covington Hall of Birmingham, Alabama, comments on Heywood Broun's column in the November 23 issue. He warns the Republican Party that the Townsendite movement is taking a great deal more seriously the promises the Republicans have recently made it than the GOP may think.

Jerome Campbell of New York City says the six errors of Marxism, discussed by Max Lerner in the November 16 issue, are not "errors," but "conditions of development." He feels a more valuable article would have been on the subject, "The Countless Errors of Liberalism." . . . Cornelius Shugarman of Chicago says there is a need of a "Who's Who" of liberalism—"a book which would list names of liberals and the definite gains they have made by instigating laws or changing existing ones." . . . Donald McDonald of Washington sends an announcement of the Conference on Pan-American Democracy to be held in Washington December 10 and 11, to consider fascist penetration in the Western Hemisphere, and to map out the organization and the policies to meet its threat. The conference will welcome correspondence from any organization which desires to participate or from individuals who wish to aid in its work. . . . Dorothy Norman and Mary Lescaze, 509 Madison Avenue, New York City, send us information about Twice a Year, a semi-annual publication, which appears in book covers. The first issue contains articles by André Malraux, Ignazio Silone, Franz Kafka, Randolph Bourne, E. E. Cummings and Roger Baldwin.

What's on the Air?

Richard C. Patterson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, speaks on a new series, "Government Interviews Business," Saturday, December 3, 4:30 P.M., CBS.

Paul Raynaud, French Minister of Finance, speaks on the subject "France Is Sound," Sunday, December 4, 1:30 P.M., CBS.

"Do We Need Chain Stores?" is the subject discussed on the People's Platform, Sunday, December 4, 7 P.M., CBS.

President Roosevelt addresses the Carolina Political Union at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Monday, December 5, 4:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network and CBS.

Speeches from the Eighth International Conference of American States at Lima, Peru, Thursday, December 8, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network, and Friday, December 9, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include Verdi's "Otello," by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Saturday, December 3, 1:55 P.M., NBC-Red Network; "Ineffable Essence of Nothing," original radio play by Ronald MacDougall, Saturday, December 3, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Toscanini, Saturday, December 3, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the New York Philharmonic, Sunday, December 4, 3 P.M., CBS; Bach Cantata, Sunday, December 4, 8 P.M., Mutual; Rochester Civic Orchestra, Monday, December 5, 3 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Mercury Theatre on the Air in a new series, Friday, December 9, 9 P.M., CBS.

All times given are Eastern Standard time.

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Winter Book Number

Books That Changed Our Minds

IT WAS BERNARD SMITH who gave us the idea. He had contributed to the revaluations of American writers that we published in 1936-37 and had been impressed by the series as a whole. He suggested that we should print a new series of revaluations, in this case dealing with the non-fiction works of the last thirty or forty years that have contributed something new to American thinking—in other words, the books that have changed our minds. We agreed with him that it was an excellent idea. But no two of us could agree with each other on the books that should be revalued. Everybody was reasonably sure that the series ought to include something by Freud, something by Veblen, something by Beard, something by Dewey. But beyond that point the arguments began, and showed no signs of ending.

I was commissioned to write to some of our friends for advice. After describing the project and the difficulties involved in it, I asked, "What are the books in this category that have really impressed you and in some measure changed the direction of your own thought? So far the titles most frequently mentioned have been 'The Education of Henry Adams,' 'The Theory of the Leisure Class,' 'An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution,' 'Experience and Nature,' 'Main Currents of American Thought,' 'The Significance of Sections'—and among the European books, Sorel's 'Reflections on Violence,' Croce's 'Esthetics,' Spengler's 'Decline of the West,' Freud's 'Interpretation of Dreams,' Pareto's 'Mind and Society,' and perhaps one of the books by the 'new' scientists. But what are your suggestions?"

The answers showed that everybody was interested in the problem. In some cases the writer confined himself to the books—and the magazines, an interesting point—that had changed his own thinking. In other cases he mentioned the books that seemed to have influenced people about him, his students or colleagues. But whether writing from introspection or observation, nobody fell into the common error of people who draw up lists of the "hundred best." Nobody pretended to have been impressed by books that he thought other people would think that he ought to have been impressed by. They spoke for themselves, and here are their letters.

Carl Becker says: "I have a letter from The New Republic which asks me to note any books during the last thirty or forty years which have impressed me or influenced my thinking. Undoubtedly many books have influenced my thinking, or at least clarified ideas I already had (which is about the only way books influence thinking anyway). Those I can think of offhand are the following:

"Sumner's 'Folkways,' which impressed me with the relativity of custom and ideas. Freud's 'Introduction to Psychoanalysis,' which made explicit the notion that the wish is father to the thought. Vaihinger's 'Als Ob,' which came to me in the English translation, 'As If,' and confirmed me in the notion that social thinking is shaped by certain unexamined preconceptions current at the time. Whitehead's 'Science and the Modern World' and 'Adventures in Ideas' had the same sort of influence. Croce's 'History and the Writing of History' helped to shape my ideas about history, which I set forth in the address 'Everyman His Own Historian.'

"What little I know about the new science has come largely through the popular works of Eddington, Whitehead and Bertrand Russell (the latter's books on social matters are amusing but superficial). Whitehead's little volume on 'Mathematics' in the Home University Library I found very useful. John Dewey's books I find hard to understand, but his ideas, coming to me through other writers, have confirmed a native tendency to pragmatic theory. Warner Fite's 'Moral Philosophy' is, I think, the only book on that subject that ever made any impression on me, but that hit the right spot somehow.

"I hope this may in some sense answer the request as you wish it to be answered."

Morris R. Cohen says: "The books that have really influenced my thinking must have been very old ones—classics that one dare not name today without arousing the sneers of the younger generation. In my own field it is often some paper published in a technical journal, *e.g.*, Einstein's original paper on Relativity, or Peirce's paper on Necessity (in The Monist), that exercises the widest and deepest influence. But if I must mention the five most influential books in the history of M. R. C., I would mention (for those of the twentieth century only):

Russell's Principles of Mathematics (1903)
Poincaré's Science and Hypothesis (1907)
Santayana's Life of Reason (1906)
Gray's Nature and Sources of the Law (1911)
R. Michel's The Sociology of Political Parties (1914)

Thurman Arnold talks about the way that ideas really get into our minds: "I am not a particularly good person," he says, "to consult on new contributions of ideas because I do not read good books. I am chiefly interested in editorials, judicial decisions, The Saturday Evening Post, the movies, speeches by university professors, The New Republic, The Nation—in fact, that stream of current literature which I am trying to analyze to get attitudes of the time. I read them and clip them to the exclusion of almost everything else. Of the titles you mention, I have read only 'The Education of Henry Adams' and 'The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution.' Pareto seemed to me an elaboration of the obvious, so I dropped it after a very cursory examination. Freud's contributions I have gotten entirely second hand.

"Therefore, my own notion of influential books is based on my guess as to what books have seeped down into popular consciousness. In other words, what literary ideas can you

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find reflected in the mine run of economic, scholarly and legal literature? My own guess would be that Freud's notion has been the most influential single thing. Second, Beard's 'Economic Interpretation of the Constitution,' also among the books you mention. If the others have had any influence at all, I am unable to see it, and I have been reading current stuff for years with the specific idea in mind of analyzing attitudes.

"Among the books you do not mention, I would say that Sinclair Lewis' 'Main Street' and 'Babbitt,' H. L. Mencken's criticism of the Rotarians, also George Bernard Shaw's somewhat objective attitude, Thorstein Veblen's analysis of American business, can all be traced. I do not know what books or plays of Shaw's or what particular writings of the others I would put first, but you can see all of them there.

"I would also add among influential writing The New Republic and The Nation. I have lived in three sections of the country: the Far West, West Virginia and Connecticut, and I have read The Nation and The New Republic consistently during all these years. I can tell what my liberal colleagues are going to say tomorrow by reading articles in these two publications today. In this country, periodical literature has been more important than books and there have been more new notions put across by these two publications than any other two in the history of American letters. I forgot Stuart Chase. Certainly there is no small town in the country where someone is not caught by his effective illustrations.

"However, I am violating the rules. What you wanted was books. If you have to select single books rather than writers, I am left with only two: first, Freud's 'Interpretation of Dreams' and second, Beard's 'Economic Interpretation of the Constitution.' No *single* book of Mencken, Chase or Sinclair Lewis can be listed on a par with these two. I am surprised at the selection of 'The Education of Henry Adams.' It is a great book, but it is a study in futility and I do not think has had any influence at all in an active, Rotarian and rip-snorting country like ours."

Felix Frankfurter sends a very short list: Croly's "Promise of American Life"; Brandeis' "Other People's Money"; Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World"; Mr. Justice Holmes's "Collected Legal Papers." And he adds, "A grand idea."

Kenneth Burke discusses the same subject as Thurman Arnold, but from the standpoint of belles lettres rather than politics. "Your question," he says, "led me to wonder how much is done by individual, outstanding books, and how much by a general body of thought. Not some one work that jolts, but a steady pressure, supplied largely by periodicals. In my case, Smart Set, The Little Review, The Egoist, The Seven Arts and The Dial—all exemplifying, in one way or another, a general code that could be called the 'Esthetic Opposition' to the norms of business. Behind this, a mixture of psychoanalysis and economics, the interweaving of individual and social psychology one got in Bourne, Brooks, Frank. Now, looking back, it seems that the emphasis was largely *sociological*, even during those years when the talk of 'pure' form was at its height.

"Remy de Gourmont, who had a way of always seeming to say pleasant things, even when he was saying catastrophic ones. His fertile suggestions about the 'dissociation of ideas.' The essayistic novels of Huysmans, so much more essayistic than novelistic that they could legitimately be included here. They led into decadent Latin, of both pagan and evangelical sorts (and thence into a similar transition from Baudelaire to Rimbaud).

"I should hate to say so; but perhaps the biggest jolt I got from a single book in all this period was from Spengler's 'Untergang des Abendlandes,' which I read somewhere about 1920 (later making a translation of the ponderous and imposing introduction for The Dial). I believe that I have been trying to settle my score with this book ever since.

"This bogeyman should be dissipated, I think, by a mixture of Marxism and Ogden's Library of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Method. Here again was a body of thought, rather than a single work, that strongly affected me; though I should make exception of Ogden and Richards' 'Meaning of Meaning' and Richards' 'Principles of Literary Criticism.' The whole, however, is a desert-island collection. That is, I should think of it when answering the questionnaire that runs, 'If you were exiled to an isolated island, and all you could take with you were . . .' There'd be 'Shakespeare, the Bible, and the dictionary'—and then I'd begin thinking of Ogden's library.

"Add, for the next phase, 'The Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences.' At least if one happens to believe that the most relevant thought of the twentieth century will be expended upon attempts at reintegration, and that sociology will assume in this work the role once assumed by metaphysics. But here again, of course, I'll be cheating, by offering a body of thought, rather than any single monumental work."

Harold Laski says: "Of the books you mention, the only two which really impressed me were those of Beard and Parrington. They opened windows for me into the significance of the American tradition as no other books since Tocqueville. Of the others, I was stimulated by Dewey and Freud, but not, I think, in the sense of obtaining new and essential insights as I did from Beard and Parrington. Pareto seemed to me the work of a superior sciolist; and I have never understood the vogue of Henry Adams' book; it is not in the class of Joseph Freeman's autobiography as an index to the essential America. I should add to your list Hogben's remarkable book on mathematics."

John Chamberlain mentions seven books:

Waldo Frank: Our America
Van Wyck Brooks: America's Coming of Age
Randolph Bourne: Untimely Papers
Robert M. La Follette's Autobiography
Theodore Dreiser: A Book About Myself
William Graham Sumner: Folkways
Alfred North Whitehead: Science and the Modern World

"I got jolts from these, primarily," he says. "Veblen and Beard were secondary influences. P. S. Not a Trotsky pamphlet on the list."

Granville Hicks writes a long letter: "The idea for the new series is, it seems to me, excellent, in itself more original than the 'revaluations,' and perhaps likely to be even more revealing and valuable for readers.

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"I agree that 'The Education of Henry Adams,' 'The Theory of the Leisure Class,' 'An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution,' 'Main Currents' and 'The Significance of Sections' belong on the list. Although something of Dewey's ought to be included, I question 'Experience and Nature.' It seems to me that he made his impact with 'Human Nature and Conduct.'

"The first of the American books that I would add is 'The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens.' Perhaps it is felt that this is too recent. Nevertheless, I believe its influence is not only very real but also possible to estimate. The 'Autobiography' was almost the key book of the depression. I have seen some of the thousands of letters that readers wrote to Steffens, and I have myself talked with several score of college students who felt the book had done something to them. Like Henry Adams, Steffens gave people not so much new ideas as a new orientation, but, in even greater degree than Adams's, his book came at exactly the right moment.

"I also remember that Lippmann's first two books, 'Preface to Politics' and 'Drift and Mastery,' published the same year, as I recall, had a great influence on me and, I think, on others. I would be inclined to argue that these two books, taken together, deserved inclusion. Incidentally, I have pretty good reason to think that many of Lippmann's ideas, which seemed so original at the time, were actually borrowed from Steffens. So far as I know, this point has never been publicly made, and it might be nice to have it on the record.

"Surely you must have considered Croly's 'Promise of American Life,' Robinson's 'Mind in the Making,' and Babbitt's 'Rousseau and Romanticism.' None of these books, with the possible exception of Robinson, had much influence on me, but a case could be made for them. A case could also be made for William James's 'Pragmatism,' Reed's 'Ten Days That Shook the World' and Krutch's 'The Modern Temper' (very influential in the colleges). And Bernard Smith and I agreed that it would be almost criminal to omit Woodrow Wilson—probably a more potent force on our generation than any other one person. Either 'The New Freedom' or his 'Collected Speeches' could be considered.

"Among the European books, Croce, Spengler and Freud seem to me absolutely necessary. Sorel, as an influence on American thought, is not quite so clear, and I am very dubious indeed about Pareto. Has he as yet had any real influence over here?

"It does seem to me that Lenin ought to be included, probably 'Imperialism.' You can't very well include 'Capital,' but you can include the book that most of us read before we read 'Capital.' It is true that Marxist influence has come through many books, not through one, but it ought not be ignored for that reason.

"I might add that a very real influence on me was Shaw, though I can't point to any one book.

"It's a swell idea. Let me know how it works out."

There are a dozen other letters as interesting as these. We plan to print them next week or the week after, at the same time announcing the books that were eventually chosen for the series. I hope that everybody will disagree with our choice. The books that changed our minds—yours and mine and John Smith's—were not the same books. Otherwise we might have the same minds. MALCOLM COWLEY

Cold Water on Bakunin

Michael Bakunin, by E. H. Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company. 511 pages. $6.50.

MR. E. H. CARR is an odd phenomenon—perhaps a symptom of the decay of Great Britain. A former member of the English diplomatic service, with an unusual equipment of languages, he now uses his knowledge of Europe to write the biographies of nineteenth-century revolutionists. These biographies have certain indisputable merits, to which we shall revert in a moment; but what is odd is that Mr. Carr should choose to write them. He has obviously had no first-hand experience of revolutionary movements or revolutionaries, and he seems to feel very little sympathy with them. Yet, on the other hand, he does not condemn them; he seems rather to regard them as futile. But, even in depicting them as wrongheaded and ineffective, he does not appear, even by implication, to be criticizing their revolutionary theories from any contrasting point of view—even one of universal irony. There is some irony discernible in his treatment of his subjects, but more simple amused condescension. We wonder why he should have gone to the immense trouble of exploring these inaccessible materials and getting up these complicated subjects—he has written books on Marx, Bakunin and Herzen, as well as one on Dostoevsky—merely in order to lift the eyebrow over them; and we ask ourselves whether Mr. Carr may not be simply a Foreign Office Englishman who has been led more or less accidentally through his knowledge of German and Russian to do some work in a historical field hitherto unexploited in English.

In this new book on Bakunin, Mr. Carr has written the best of his biographies. It has the faults of his other books—the dependence on clichés, which makes impossible any vividness of evocation; the never intermitting British chill, which is always putting Bakunin in his place and which gets on one's nerves with its ironical characterization of all Bakunin's projects as "interesting," all his ideas as "remarkable": "On the day of Bakunin's arrival in Lyons, municipal elections were held, and the short-lived and rather ridiculous Committee of Public Safety abdicated in favor of the new municipal council." . . . "Bakunin decided on the creation of a new revolutionary organ which was called, with singular inappropriateness, the Committee for the Saving of France." . . . "One other decision of the Bâle Congress had a certain piquant interest." . . . "The stalwarts of Le Locle had recently begun to publish a fortnightly journal entitled Progrès, devoted to the propagation of the aims of the International." . . . "The defunct Committee of Public Safety had, in a moment of enthusiasm, followed the famous though short-lived precedent of 1848 and turned the local factories into national workshops. The Municipal Council inherited this blessing from the Committee." Certainly Bakunin did sometimes conceive designs which might be characterized as "singularly inappropriate"; and certainly revolutionary bodies, like other political organizations, have their humors. But why should it be assumed that there is something intrinsically ridiculous or undignified about the movement for national workshops, the decisions of the International or the agitation in favor of the International carried on by the watchmakers of the Jura?

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Here, as in his book on Marx, Mr. Carr tells us everything about his subject except what it is all about. If one had no independent knowledge of Marx and Bakunin, one might almost wonder, after reading these biographies, why Mr. Carr had bothered to write about them. Even when he indicates their importance, he does nothing to make us understand it; for he has accomplished the singular feat of writing the stories of the leaders of working-class movements without dealing with those conditions of working-class life under pressure of which they came into existence. For Mr. Carr the labor movements of the nineteenth century tend to present themselves in terms of a more or less inept parliamentary politics. Nor does he really understand the psychology of these men who have taken the working-class side, who have set themselves against the whole complex of society, who have to live in it when they do not want to be of it—who must work underground, spend whole lives in exile, always in danger of prison, wasting their emotions and their energies in the sterile quarrels of revolutionary controversy, the spiteful bickerings of émigré life.

Yet Mr. Carr, through his detachment from the struggle, is in a position to do some things which biographers who are socialists or anarchists themselves do not always do. For one thing, he is careful and impartial in checking up on matters of evidence. Old party traditions and loyalties mean nothing to him. And for another thing, he devotes to the personal aspects of the careers of his revolutionists an attention which they do not usually get at the hands of the political biographer, who is interested only in the movement and systematically disregards the family life and the love affairs of his hero. Mr. Carr has brought out certain facts about Bakunin which are important and unfamiliar. He is at his best in the first part of the book, in which he is dealing with Bakunin's life in Russia. Mr. Carr has a special knowledge of Russia, and he is here occupied with a milieu not alien to him: the country life of a landowner's family. The story of the Bakunin household with their tender emotions and their intoxication with ideas sounds like Turgenev or Tolstoy. Mr. Carr seems to have established incontrovertibly that the behavior pattern of all Bakunin's life was fixed by his family relationships. Michael Bakunin was the oldest boy of a family of ten boys and girls: he dominated his brothers through his age and his sisters by reason of his sex. He was, on his own confession, in love with one of his sisters, and he seems to have been jealous of them all. He was always inciting the children to rebellion against their father. When his sisters began to have admirers and marry, he would try to turn them against their suitors and husbands. Later in life, he did the same thing with other women; but he never became any woman's lover. He was apparently impotent all his life. In Siberia, when he was forty-four, he married an eighteen-year-old girl, who eventually, while still living with Bakunin, had two children by another man.

One is not sure that Mr. Carr sees the connection between Bakunin's incurable impotence and his orgiastic passion for destruction, though he does see that Bakunin's hatred of the State was a prolongation of his quarrel with his father, and seems to suggest that his playing at conspiracies which did not exist outside his imagination was carried over from the plots of his childhood as his pathological borrowing was a survival of infantile dependence. I am not sure, however, that Mr. Carr really explains Bakunin's conversion to the cause of revolution. Bakunin, during his youth in Russia, had always been a loyal subject of the Tsar; he had gone abroad simply to see the world; he seems to have been nearly thirty before he began moving toward the Left with the Young Hegelian movement in Germany; he did not declare himself an atheist till he was fifty; and he did not come to believe in the revolutionary role of the working class or formulate the creed of anarchism until 1866, when he was fifty-two. It may be that Bakunin was driven by the logic of politics and ideas to take each of the later steps of this progress: the last followed on his disillusion, as the result of the defeat of the Poles, with insurgent nationalism as a democratic revolutionary force. But what were really the determining factors in his taking the first step that counts? At what moment, so relatively late in Bakunin's life, was the attitude formed in the household at home transferred to contemporary society?

With the comic aspects of Bakunin's career Mr. Carr is appreciative and skillful. How Bakunin unwittingly enrolled as an ally the Tsar's principal agent in Switzerland and sent him to Russia to report for him on revolutionary activities and to intercede with Bakunin's family in his efforts to induce them to surrender to him his share of the family estate, and how he finally induced this agent, who was masquerading as a retired Russian general, to help him out with a considerable sum of money, which the man actually obtained from the Tsar as expenditure in the line of duty; how Bakunin persuaded one of his Italian followers who had just inherited a fortune from his father, to allow him to blow it in, with no calculation of means or costs, on a magnificent house and estate designed to be a home for Bakunin and an asylum for revolutionists, how Bakunin wrote his wife to join him, as he was now in a position to keep her in comfort, how the money was all swallowed up before the place was finished and how the young Italian was horror-struck and indignantly repudiated Bakunin, and how when poor Antonia arrived, Bakunin could not bear to tell her that the place was not really his and that the owner did not want them to live in it and how he finally ran away rather than face it—these are enchanting and fabulous stories, which Mr. Carr has handled well.

Yet even here one a little resents the tone. After all, there must have been something in Bakunin—something great-visioned and noble—which enabled him to command such sympathy, to bemuse people with such extravagant dreams. As Mr. Carr does not show us the need which made the proletariat go to Bakunin for leadership, so, though he calls Bakunin "great" and a "genius," he never gives us a sense of the power which he devoted to the service of their need. After all, the Anarchist movement has long survived him; and if it owes him something of its lack of common sense, it owes him, also, something of its humanity, energy and courage. Even such impractical bravery as that of Bakunin in the Dresden revolution, hopeless, inconsistent politically and paid for by long and terrible years of prison, has had a value for the human spirit in its struggle against the timidity and self-interest perpetuated in human institutions. It was the kind of mistake which Marx would never have made; but it represented that magnanimity and exuberance which gave Bakunin, in this one respect, a real superiority over Marx.

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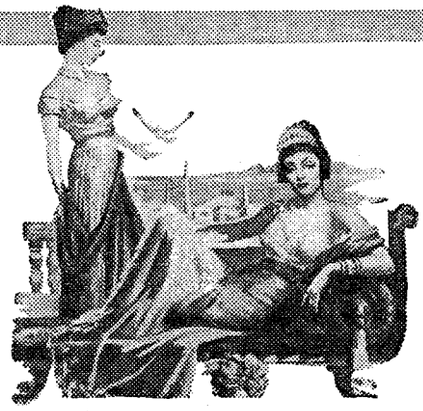

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This Is Democracy: Collective Bargaining in Scandinavia, by Marquis W. Childs. Yale. $2.50.
Marlborough: His Life and Times, by Winston S. Churchill. Scribner's. 6 vols. $16.50.
The Prospects of American Democracy, by George S. Counts. Day. $3.
A Southerner Discovers the South, by Jonathan Daniels. Macmillan. $3.
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Democracy in the Making: The Jackson-Tyler Era, by Hugh Russell Fraser. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.
The Far Eastern Policy of the United States: 1898-1938, by A. Whitney Griswold. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Price and Price Policies, by Walton Hamilton and Associates. McGraw-Hill. $4.
The Post-War History of the British Working Class, by Allen Hutt. Coward-McCann. $2.75.
The Politicos, by Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.
The War Against the West, by Aurel Kolnai. Viking. $4.
Parliamentary Government in England, by Harold Laski. Viking. $3.50.
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A History of American Magazines, by Frank Luther Mott. Harvard. 3 vols. $17.50.
The Culture of Cities, by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.
The Roots of American Civilization, by Curtis P. Nettels. Crofts. $5.50.
The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Random House. 5 vols. $15.
Power: A New Social Analysis, by Bertrand Russell. Norton. $3.
Lords of the Press, by George Seldes. Messner. $3.
The School for Dictators, by Ignazio Silone. Harpers. $2.50.
Red Star Over China, by Edgar Snow. Random House. $3.
America Goes to War, by Charles Callan Tansill. Little, Brown. $5.
Imperial Japan: 1926-1938, by A. Morgan Young. Morrow. $3.

Travel, Adventure, Humor

Life Class, by Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. $2.50.
Alone, by Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Putnam's. $2.50.
Grandma Called It Carnal, by Bertha Damon. Simon and Schuster. $2.
Journeys Between Wars, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Listen! The Wind, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
In Search of Soviet Gold, by John D. Littlepage and Demaree Bess. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.
American Guide Series, by Members of the Federal Writers' Project. Some of the best of those published during the year are "New York Panorama" (Random House, $2.50); "Mississippi" (Viking, $2.50); "New Orleans" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50).

This list, compiled by The New Republic staff with the help of our reviewers, is intended to cover the hundred new books of 1938 that appear to have the most interest for our own times. The "best" books will have to be chosen by posterity and the "eternal" books by eternity. — THE EDITORS

Monument to Marlborough

Marlborough: His Life and Times, by Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 6 vols., 2,558 pages. $16.50.

WITH HIS SIXTH VOLUME Mr. Churchill has brought to a close this monumental biography of his great ancestor. In the first two volumes his task was chiefly that of attorney for the defense, repelling or extenuating the charges that young John Churchill's career was based on the patronage of his sister as mistress of the Duke of York, and the affection of the Duchess of Cleveland, the mistress of Charles II; that he was a traitor to James II in 1688, and yet maintained clandestine relations with the exiled Stuarts; that he was covetous and venal even beyond the limits of that realistic era. In the succeeding four volumes Mr. Churchill has the more grateful task of celebrating Marlborough's triumph as general in the field and Prime Minister of the Crown in the reign of Queen Anne, a triumph which his fall from power, the victim of intrigue and disloyalty, serves only to illuminate.

Mr. Churchill shows his competence as a military historian in his clear and intelligent accounts of the campaigns which Marlborough as Captain General of the armies of the Grand Alliance won against Louis XIV in the War of the Spanish Succession. As he points out, these victories were the result of a new theory of warfare. The northern frontier of France was defended by a matchless system of fortresses, constructed on the plan of Vauban, of which Marlborough captured nearly all by conventional siege operations. But he realized that the true objective of warfare was the destruction of the enemy's force in the field, an objective almost completely realized at Blenheim, and with steadily diminishing success, at Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. Mr. Churchill's accounts of these battles are models of miliary exposition.

Marlborough was not only commander in the field, but also political chief of the Grand Alliance, consisting of Great Britain, Holland, the Empire, Savoy, and sundry German states, called into existence by the ambition of Louis XIV to place his grandson on the throne of Spain.

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Marlborough's conduct of the war was constantly hampered by the special claims and interests of those allies, which with infinite tact and patience he sought to harmonize. The Dutch, who were most immediately threatened by Louis, often hesitated to accept the risk of battle, preferring the reduction of fortresses which they hoped to hold after the war as a barrier against the French. In spite of discouraging differences among the allies, Marlborough became the most powerful man in Europe, when he held Louis at his mercy, and it is little wonder that his opponents at home used against him the threat of dictatorship, of a Cromwell, or a Wallenstein. Nor is there any wonder that the Tories after removing him from his post as Captain General, entered upon secret negotiations with the French, deserted their allies and signed the treaty of Utrecht.

A question which Mr. Churchill raises is why Marlborough did not bring to conclusion the negotiations for peace in 1709, when he was at the height of his power and when France was at her weakest. Technically the breakdown occurred over the demand of the Allies that Louis should remove his grandson from the sovereignty of Spain, which could have been accomplished only by war. The real reason seems to have been the difficulty of an alliance in making peace except after giving a knockout blow. In discussing this and other matters Mr. Churchill obviously has in mind the parallel between the world war of 1702 and that of 1914. The weakness and humiliation of England throughout the entire eighteenth century, after having won the war and lost the peace, furnishes another pregnant comparison. Today he must be irresistibly reminded of the likeness between Utrecht and Munich. When Mr. Churchill records "as a model for all commanders of British troops" the courage of the Duke in making a personal reconnaissance within range of the enemy's fire, "in order to make sure that his soldiers were not set impossible tasks and their brave lives not cast needlessly away" he certainly was reflecting on the opposite behavior of Sir Douglas Haig at Passchendael.

In his final volume Mr. Churchill is again obliged to turn attorney for defense. He is easily able to refute the slanders of Swift. He repels the charge of peculation, on which Marlborough was dismissed from his command, by pointing out that his taking a commission on the contract for bread for the army and 2½ percent of the pay of foreign troops in British service, for the requirements of his secret-service fund, was in accord with general practice, and was continued by his successor. In dealing with the old charge of correspondence with the Stuart exiles, which extended from 1689 to 1716, Mr. Churchill is not so successful. In his defeat and disgrace Marlborough entreated the Duke of Berwick, the son of his sister and James II, to use the influence of Saint-Germain with Harley in his favor, and to obtain a pardon from James III to protect him in case of a restoration. "Why did he do it?" Mr. Churchill's suggestion is that such intercourse kept open a secret source of information about the enemy, which Marlborough turned to account. This excuse scarcely applies after he had fallen from power. At all events what harm was done accrued to Saint-Germain, in arousing false hopes—except the harm to Marlborough's own reputation.

Mr. Churchill's "Marlborough" is narrative history written out of minute study of the documents, with no concealment or suppression in spite of strong sympathy with the subject. The style is always vivacious, if sometimes declamatory and sometimes sentimental, especially in the author's admiration of the Duke's correspondence with his wife, which never falls below the level of the grand passion. But this is a part of the character and the most winning. If Marlborough falls below the Character of the Happy Warrior he has in compensation a quality which lends human interest to his trumph and pathos to his fall.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Oh, Carry Me Back

To the Market Place, by Berry Fleming. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

AS LITERARY SUBJECTS, few groups have posed so often as the young intellectuals adrift in New York in the late twenties and early thirties. For the most part they are here because they felt cramped in their home towns; but in the city they feel lost. Having arrived at Times Square they remain, somehow, on the fringe of things, skirting the borders of the radical movement or artists' circles or front-row society. Tess Slesinger, a few years ago, called them the Unpossessed, which is as good a name as any. And Berry Fleming describes them here with more care, more honesty and certainly more wit than they generally receive.

True to modern pioneer tradition, his five or six main characters bring to the Market Place their unspoiled illusions, their restless ambition to meet a challenge, plus a dogged faith in their ability to handle it. Instead of the integrity they set out to acquire, however, they discover after a while that they have simply bartered their gifts for skepticism. They end up as professionals in no art except the easy one of rationalization. "New York was just a museum," one of them reflects after she has left. "You could find a little of everything but they wouldn't let you take anything home with you."

Migrating from Kentucky, Carolyn sets the tone and has the worst breaks of all. Her plunge into New York is invigorating at the start; but after three years of piddling jobs and discarded lovers it seems unbearably chilly. Finally, her jauntiness wilted, she realizes she has found nothing to replace the traditions tossed overboard when she left home. In contrast to her is Owen Woodruff, another New York stepchild, who paints unintelligible pictures in a Twelfth Street cubbyhole. Then his father dies in Alabama, leaving him a fertilizer business and a decorous rut to fall into. To a painter it is like being buried alive, embalmed in layers of gentility and Garden Clubs and Board of Directors' meetings. But Mr. Fleming does so skillful a job here that Owen moves from revolt to acquiescence and finally to approval with the smooth, imperceptible motion of an hour-hand.

To round out the picture, there is also Owen's wife, Louise, who holds her man with a cagey sort of sweetness, Southern style; and Emma, who lives on East Eighty-sixth Street but longs for the mammy-spirit of New Orleans; and Quinny, the author, kissing a girl to get her reactions for the big scene in his next chapter. The book proceeds with scattered and only vaguely connected episodes about all of them; you go from Kentucky to Greenwich Village to Patchogue to Georgetown to Arizona and back to New York in a flexible itinerary. You just about get your emo-

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MIRIAM BORGENICHT

The Perfect Courtier

The Captains and the Kings Depart: The Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols., 642 pages. $7.50.

THIS IS the most important contribution to the inner understanding of British politics since the publication of the famous Greville Diaries nearly eighty years ago. Lord Esher was the *Eminence grise* of the monarchy for almost forty years. Discreet, unobtrusive, influential, he was at the heart of the political system. He knew its inner secrets; he watched its undisclosed moves. Never holding office—though he refused a Cabinet post and the viceroyalty of India—he was consulted by everyone and offered his advice, not seldom excellent advice, to all of influence upon whom he was able to bring pressure. He was a wise man of the world, eager for power, afraid of responsibility, loving the half-lights of that dim and obscure world between the Palace and Whitehall in which the whispered word counts for so much because of the source that is inferred to be behind it.

His whole position derived from the fact that he was the most secret confidant of the Crown. That gave him a role to be heard. Ministers hung upon his counsel because he was able to come and go in the royal circle. The perfect courtier, he seems to have combined in remarkable degree exactly that intensity of genuflexion which is still compatible with shrewd common sense. The result was to make him for a generation the unnamed member of Cabinet after Cabinet, indispensable to them all and not responsible to any. It is a position that must have been unique after the close of the mid-Victorian monarchy. It is not, I think, a position that he abused, though I do not think it is a defensible position, since its whole basis depended upon the accident of royal favor. No one could afford to neglect him. He was the Autolycus of those inner secrets of the Ministry, the skillful use of which enables a constitutional monarch to exercise immense influence without seeming to maintain the reality of power. He is aware of the monarch's view; he can press this upon Ministers in such a way as to compromise deference to the royal advantage. Ministers, in their turn, entrust to him their inner hopes and fears (all to be retailed back again to the Palace) so that, through him, the monarch has an invaluable source of knowledge hardly otherwise available to him. There is hardly a major theme from the turn of the century that these pages do not illuminate. We see all the statesmen in undress uniform. We see the operation of their personalities through the mirror in which the monarch himself was to see them. On some of the major crises of the period there are documents here of outstanding significance which will, in the next years, find their way into all the histories of the time. No political metaphysics are quite so weird as those of limited monarchy. I know no better clue to their meaning than these remarkable volumes.

For they are the work of a man of quite ordinary intelli-

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gence. Esher had the capacity for hard work. He had a great gift for discreet interpenetration. He was skillful in the building of human relationships in the manner of a good personnel manager in a big corporation. He was helped in his self-imposed task by his power to conceal his immense ambition and his relentless determination to remain in the center of the stage by seeming always to be in the background. He never aroused jealousies because he never claimed the influence the exercise of which was in fact the breath of life to him. Yet what is fascinating in the man himself is that in these many hundred pages there is rarely a thought and seldom a judgment that rises above the level of the commonplace. In politics, literature, the arts, he holds the views of a cultivated man of the world, who has the art of knowing the proper poses for his world, can take them in the grand manner and, like most Englishmen, has the art of making private hope synonymous with public obligation. He has, as I have said, shrewd common sense. But he has no more than the insight that comes to any man who has heard the right questions asked and answered for forty years.

His advice, as I said, was usually good advice, since he was devoid of passion and sought always for the middle of the road. Yet one cannot avoid the realization that such a post as he made for himself might easily have been a source of infinite mischief. He had influence not because of what he was in himself but because of the royal connection he had cultivated as a fine art. He was the perfect courtier of the bourgeois monarchy. He acted as a dignified emollient, a sounding-board for the mass of opinion which filtered to him in the capacity he created. He saw a good deal of what was happening; and his records, if they are rarely related to the prime forces of the historic process, illuminate remarkably the way in which those forces are refracted through the politicians who are the half-conscious instruments of their operation. The result is both fascinating and significant. For these pages are written at that important level where inspired gossip reaches the dignity of history.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Life with Grandma

Grandma Called It Carnal, by Bertha Damon. New York: Simon and Schuster. 288 pages. $2.

GRANDMA had a sense of real values. She looked beyond the narrow experience and material interests of her Connecticut village where the men made and sold the trivial gadgets of the day, and "drawled boasts of North Stonefield as the significant exponent of the only significant nation on the face of an otherwise rather insignificant globe." While the women raced to see who could get the wash first on the line on a Monday morning, or fell on their knees in front of their ovens and "offered up sacrifices to our great tribal goddess Dyspepsia," Grandma cared for and studied her flowers, or walked in the woods with Thoreau, or read Emerson and Ruskin. Seen through the eyes and reported by the humorous pen of the granddaughter whom she brought up, she becomes an engaging character, whose life was an arraignment of the virtues which we commonly associate with New England. This is a book to keep and to give—to keep for enjoyment and to give for edification.

R. M. L.

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Books for Children

From the annual harvest of children's books, Miss Jessie Stanton, director of the Harriet Johnson Nursery School in New York City, and Miss Ellen Steele, director of Rosemary Junior School, Greenwich, Connecticut, have selected the titles that follow.

Familiar experiences make the best story material for the young child. Therefore the books for younger children were chosen by Miss Stanton from those that deal with subjects not too remote from the child's own life. She says that the books in her field are distinguished this year for beautiful pictures of animals and delightful nonsense stories. The books for older children, chosen by Miss Steele, are chiefly straight fiction, stories based on history, and authentic descriptions of life in other parts of the world. — THE EDITORS

For Children Aged Four to Seven

THE GAY MOTHER GOOSE, edited by Alice Dalgleish, illustrated by Françoise (62 pages; Scribner's, $1.50). Probably the perfect Mother Goose, arranged according to "subject matter," illustrated imaginatively with childlike directness. Very appealing.

THE LITTLE FIREMAN, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Esphyra Slabotkina (32 pages; William R. Scott, $1.50). A story about a big fireman and a little fireman and their respective big and little Dalmatian dogs. Very entertaining. Pictures have style and brilliance, many colors.

TRAILER DOG TRIX AND NANCY by Florence Bourgeois (32 pages; Doubleday, Doran, 75 cents). A modern and lively story about a little girl's life in a trailer.

FIVE LITTLE KITTENS, by Lena Towsley (56 pages; Farrar and Rinehart, $1.50). Enchanting photographs of a family of kittens. Fun for a child to look at by himself. Brief text.

THE LITTLE AIRPLANE, by Lois Lenski (46 pages; Oxford, 75 cents). Children love Lois Lenski's "little" books, and this will be a favorite, as is her "Little Automobile" book.

WILLIAM AND HIS KITTEN, by Marjorie Flack (32 pages; Houghton Mifflin, $1). How a lost kitten was taken in by William and his family. Many people familiar to small children—the postman, grocer, etc.—come into the story. Pleasant illustrations.

THE FISH WITH THE DEEP SEA SMILE, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Roberta Rauch (128 pages; Dutton, $2). Charmingly written stories and poems about the things in which children are most interested. Some delightful nonsense, such as "The Steam Roller Fantasy."

BARKIS, by Clare Turlay Newberry (30 pages; Harpers, $1.50). More perfect animal pictures, this time of a cocker-spaniel puppy who comes into the household of two children and one kitten. Slight story.

HURRY! HURRY! by Edith Thacher, designs in color by Mary Pepperell Dana (44 pages; William R. Scott, $1.50). Very funny story about Suzie's nurse, who was always in a hurry. The mishaps that befell her and her eventual reform will be entertaining to grown-ups as well as children.

HAMLET: A COCKER SPANIEL, by Irma Simonton Black, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (34 pages; Holiday House, $1.50). Hamlet had great fun in the world, except when it was bath time. Stories about a mischievous cocker told in direct, imageful language.

THE STREAMLINED PIG, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (30 pages; Harpers, $1.50). A modern fairy tale about a little boy who could have anything

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he wanted, and who chose a farm. The extraordinary adventures of the farm animals and especially the pig, when a flood hit the countryside, will make adults and children chuckle. Charming illustrations. Highly recommended.

WEE GILLIS, by Munro Leaf, illustrated by Robert Lawson (64 pages; Viking, $1.50). A very Scotch story about a small boy who had to make up his mind whether to live in the Highlands or the Lowlands and how he solved the problem. Simply perfect pictures. Fathers and uncles will love this book.

ARAMINTA'S GOAT, by Eva Knox Evans, illustrated by Erick Berry (92 pages; Putnam's, $2). More adventures of Araminta and Jerome Anthony. A jolly book about Negro children, told with understanding and unaffected sympathy.

QUITO EXPRESS, by Ludwig Bemelmans (48 pages; Viking, $1). One of the best books of the year. Enchanting story of a little Inca baby who got lost and came home again. Amusing pictures.

HIDE AND GO SEEK, by Dorothy Lathrop (38 pages; Macmillan, $1.50). A beautiful book. The story of a little flying squirrel, with exquisite pictures of the woods in springtime.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, freely translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag (43 pages; Coward-McCann, $1). The real Snow White; and it is probably important for children to have the folk version as well as the modern cinematic one. Delightful detail in the illustrations.

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MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS, by Richard and Florence Atwater (139 pages; Little, Brown, $1.50). A hilarious story for the whole family about a housepainter who is sent a penguin by one of his heroes. From then on anything can and does happen. Illustrated by Robert Lawson of "Ferdinand" fame. (For eights up.)

THE FIVE HUNDRED HATS OF BARTHOLOMEW CUBBINS, by Dr. Seuss (50 pages; Vanguard, $1.50). If one can't have merry books for adults, it's fun to find one like this, written for the young, and borrow it. The pictures do not seem as genuine as the text. (Eight-year-olds.)

AND THERE WAS AMERICA, by Roger Duvoisin (80 pages; Knopf, $2). A happy introduction to history for eight and nine-year-olds.

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YOUNG AMERICA'S COOK BOOK, compiled by The New York Herald Tribune's Home Institute (274 pages; Scribner's, $1.75). Excellent material to start girls of eleven and over on the path of cookery. Attractive photographs.

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TENNIS SHOES, by Noel Streatfield, illustrated by Richard Floethe (290 pages; Random House, $2). The author of "Ballet Shoes" gives us a gay and witty story, this time in tennis circles. A simple plot is helped by likable characters. The illustrations are distinctive. (Eleven to thirteen.)

GRAY WOLF, by Rutherford Montgomery, illustrated by Jacob Bates Abbott (186 pages; Houghton Mifflin, $2.25). An animal story in a Western setting, by a writer who knows his material thoroughly. (Boys eleven or twelve.)

YOUR DAILY PAPER, by John J. Floherty (186 pages; Lippincott, $2). Somehow a more human picture book than his others. Excellent informative and vocational material. (Twelve and up.)

HIDDEN VALLEY, by Laura Benét (207 pages; Dodd, Mead, $2). The Yosemite Valley in the middle of the nineteenth century. The story of a white boy who becomes hunting companion of an Indian boy. (Ten to fourteen.)

STARS TO WINDWARD, by Bruce and Sheridan Fahnestock (295 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $3). Two New Yorkers of about twenty-one sail to the South Seas and on to Shanghai in their own schooner, with an unusual crew. (Twelve up.)

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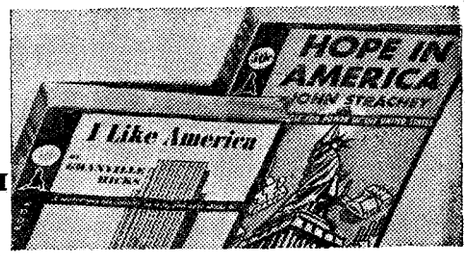

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Crusaders

Margaret Sanger: An Autobiography. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 504 pages. $3.50.
Lillian Wald: Neighbor and Crusader, by R. L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Company. 385 pages. $3.50.

THE PERSONALITY OF A MARGARET SANGER is always a fascinating puzzle. What fusing of thought, feeling and experience produces a "cause" and its leader? The facts never explain it—the vision, the singleness of purpose, the sublime selflessness (or supreme egoism) of the crusader.

Margaret Sanger's childhood probably turned her thought to the problem of too many children born too rapidly into a home of uncertain income. Her father was a lovable, free-thinking Irish stonemason. Her tubercular mother died young, worn out with much childbearing. Her education was limited, and ended with a nurse's training which was little more than unpaid drudgery in an ill equipped, ill supervised small-town hospital. She married, had three children, a full and interesting life. But her home, her profession, her forays into the labor movement were not enough. She continued to struggle against restlessness, her sense of a job she had to do. Slowly and painfully she thought her way to the conviction that public-health work, social service, labor organization, all effort toward community betterment, must fail unless the workers as well as the rich could be freed from the burden of "a baby a year" without regard to the health of the mother, the family income, the needs of the older children. The rest of the story is the record of her search for the dependable medical answer to her efforts in spreading information.

The chapters move through many circles, across many borders, from Mrs. Sanger's Hudson Valley childhood to New York City, England, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Japan, China, Soviet Russia, India, Washington. The book is peopled with great names, but Mrs. Sanger makes it clear that it was from humble, burdened women she somehow drew the strength and courage to drive ahead, in spite of misunderstanding, apathy, ridicule, arrest, imprisonment, ill health, the powerful, well organized opposition of the Catholic Church that blocked her again and again.

Unlike many crusaders, Mrs. Sanger has lived to see wide breaches in the walls at which she has battered. Birth-control clinics are functioning legally in many states. The American Medical Association has endorsed the giving of contraceptive advice by physicians, the teaching of birth-control techniques in medical schools. The Catholic Church has shifted its position, to permit the prevention of conception, though so far church authorities continue to oppose any method except the unreliable "safe period."

Few people, perhaps, hold today with Margaret Sanger that "birth control will be the cornerstone" of "the future civilization." But few will read her stirring autobiography without a fresh sense of the mystery of what we call "genius,"a new realization of the power of an idea.

LLIAN WALD has written two books about her life on New York's East Side. She has told how, in the four decades between 1893 and 1933, public-health nursing service and the Henry Street Settlement came into being. Though her books, like her conversation, overflow with

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incident and anecdote, they are almost impersonal volumes. For Lillian Wald's is not an introspective nature, and she was interested only in writing about her work, and the people with whom (and for whom) the work was done. This is a very different sort of book. Instead of being focused on committees, boys' clubs, mothers' meetings, movements and programs, its concern is with the mind and the spirit that animated this complex of activity. Mr. Duffus has set himself, he states in his foreword, "to present as well as I could, a personality."

It is a crowded story, beginning with a child "lovingly spoiled" in a serene and comfortable home in Rochester, New York, going on, after Miss Cruttenden's English-French Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls, to a nurse's training that puzzled and dismayed family and friends, then straight to the forty busy years on Henry Street, to the last bedridden years in a Connecticut home —busy years still, in spite of physical limitations and their dragging weight on the eager spirit. Many pages are told in Miss Wald's own words, in extracts from letters, memoranda, speeches, the "scribble books" which she keeps at hand for notes and reminders. All such materials, in writing her own books, Miss Wald was apt to push aside as "too wordy." And yet from these pages—often jotted down as she waited for a train to leave or a committee to gather—one gets the clearest sense of Lillian Wald's concern with human beings and their problems. Public-health nursing grew out of her horror and pity as a young nurse at the bedside of a tenement-house patient. But again and again it was the need of a man, a woman, a child—particularly a child—that started Lillian Wald on a campaign for supervised dance halls, ungraded classes in the public schools, a neighborhood theatre, liquor control, standards of nursing education, the United States Children's Bureau.

Lillian Wald's sensitive imagination literally made her one with people in pain, in fear, in confusion. But her reaction was neither shock nor sentimentality. She expressed emotion in action, "and in action," says her biographer, "there was the gayety of battle, not against men but against fate itself." This is perhaps as close as one can come to the sources of her strength. She worked absurd, almost incredible hours. Twenty-hour days were a frequent stint, and she slept with a telephone beside her, instantly alert to a call for help even in her brief rest. Great people and humble people have often turned to her for courage and reassurance. Through the war years, the boom, the depression, the New Deal, through controversy and misunderstanding, she has held to her faith that "something can be done." This wise and sympathetic portrait is not only a notable biography but a heartening book for a troubled day. I think many of those who read it will turn back, as I did, to the author's comment on what Lillian Wald has achieved, to the attitudes she has taken, the opinions she has held:

They are a challenge to the new barbarian invasion that has conquered half the world, and which in the might of its insolence and ignorance now threatens the other half. I come from my study of them with a heightened pride in my country and my people—the country in which Lillian Wald was free to do her work, the people who have come together from so many lands, and out of whose loins we have the right to hope there is arising, in tribulation, in sorrow, in triumph, a new nation and a new justice.

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How Bad Were the Generals?

Through the Fog of War, by Liddell Hart. New York: Random House. 389 pages. $2.50.

CAPTAIN HART dedicates himself and his book to "the pursuit of truth," recommending to his readers that complete detachment "from every desire and interest, every sympathy and antipathy" which it demands, and pointing out the difficulties in the way of attaining that state of critical grace. It is indeed difficult to preserve such detachment in the face of Captain Hart's continued offerings along lines already familiar to his audiences; for here is nothing new, nothing but the same unsparing flagellation of the military leaders of the World War, judged in the light of after-knowledge; judged further, as Captain Hart observes, "by their conception rather than by their execution, by the vision and realism of their ideas rather than by results." Applying thus to soldiers a test suited rather to philosophers, Captain Hart is able to discount even such favorable judgments as he had hitherto formed; there is scarcely a great military figure of the War who escapes expert castigation.

The effect of this book upon the civilian reader will hardly be such as to give him confidence in the military profession, in the soldiers who must, in war, lead the armies of his country into battle. And yet, upon due reflection, it may lead him to more tempered judgment, to an appreciation of the all but incredible difficulties under which a modern war commander must labor; for the discerning reader will with difficulty accept a thesis which assumes that the experience and study of any profession unfits a man for the practice of it.

Captain Hart judges, as he says, by the "vision and realism" of ideas rather than by results; as well he may, for those whom he attacks did in fact achieve the result at which they aimed, the defeat of the Central Powers, and it is highly disputable as to whether they would have done better or won quicker by following what Captain Hart considers the path of vision and realism. Joffre did beat the Germans at the Marne and turn back the tide of invasion; Haig did break through the Hindenburg Line at last and burst through into Flanders and open country; Pershing did forge his American Army and drive it across the Meuse. None of these things was done without loss. One does not make war without loss. Once the dreadful arbitrament of arms has been undertaken, the price must be paid. Captain Hart is on sounder ground when he questions the permanence of solutions achieved by force—if he confined his observations to Europe, for here in America we remember the Revolution and the Civil War as having, though at grievous cost, given us permanent solutions, and surely these were achieved by force.

It has been well said that "the legitimate aim of military criticism is not to build up or pull down reputations of leaders, but to help the military student to perfect himself in his art and his science." One can find little in "Through the Fog of War" that approaches this standard. One remains wholly unconvinced that the direction of military operations would have been better confided to the eager 'prentice hands of Mr. Lloyd George, or that Lawrence of Arabia was the greatest military commander of the War.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

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New Books: A Reader's List

THE TROUBLE WITH TIGERS, by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Interim report on the progress of an unorthodox young man still writing to some extent from a flying trapeze, but improving in organization and self-discipline. The stories are divided into groups, covering such widely different topics as Hollywood, youth, age, life, death and the serious eating of hamburgers. P. S.: As usual, many of them aren't stories at all, and must go without a name until Webster tips in an addendum: "saroyan, *n.* A form of letter written to oneself, published instead of posted."

TELL MY HORSE, by Zora Neale Hurston (Lippincott, $3). A fine account of voodoo in Haiti and Jamaica. Seeing African ceremonies with a sympathy that comes close to belief, Miss Hurston ferrets out what is reasonable in them without losing sight of either their drama or their esoteric beauty; mumbojumbo translated for Americans, but still accompanied by the beat of the tom-toms.

THE WRONG WORLD, by Louis Paul (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). About a young pianist who runs away from the concert halls and settles at last with a family living on whimsy and home-grown vegetables. A starry-eyed excursion through America, with stopovers for robust incident, and a romantic destination. The hero's life would seem harder if his troubles dissolved less readily into quaintness.

PROFILES FROM THE NEW YORKER (Knopf, $3). With a preface by Clifton Fadiman. Queen Mary, Father Divine, Harpo Marx and other examples of royalty in their fields, dissected in the form The New Yorker has made famous.

THE ART OF BUNDLING, by Dana Doten (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). A pleasant examination into a pleasant and all but disremembered Colonial custom, as universally followed in its time (a good century) as is necking, its less imaginative equivalent, today. The stuff about bundling boards and gowns with drawstrings is mostly nonsense, Doten tells us; when a man and a maid got into bed they really bundled.

LIFE INSURANCE: INVESTING IN DISASTER, by Mort and E. A. Gilbert (Modern Age Books, 75 cents). Two experts trace all the ins—and outs—of a Big Business like any other, run to make kale for those controlling it, not to Protect You and Your Loved Ones. They show that banking operations with the money of policy-holders have caused failures among insurance outfits before now, and will continue to cause failures. "Private insurance," they conclude, "is a mess."

THE SILVER FOX, by René Hansard (Morrow, $2.50). A good-humored, witty exposé of the conceits of a popular British novelist who seeks and finds romance and the subject for his next book in Nazi Munich.

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT: A COLONIAL ROMANCE, by Jeannette Marks (Macmillan, $5). A sprawling history of the Barrett family, showing that Elizabeth Browning inherited her indomitable courage from the early adventurous Barretts who settled Jamaica.

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Contributors

VINCENT SHEEAN was for many years a foreign correspondent; he told the story of those years in "Personal History." His most recent book, published in July, is "A Day of Battle."

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